



No. 574.—VOL. XLV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1904.

SIXPENCE.

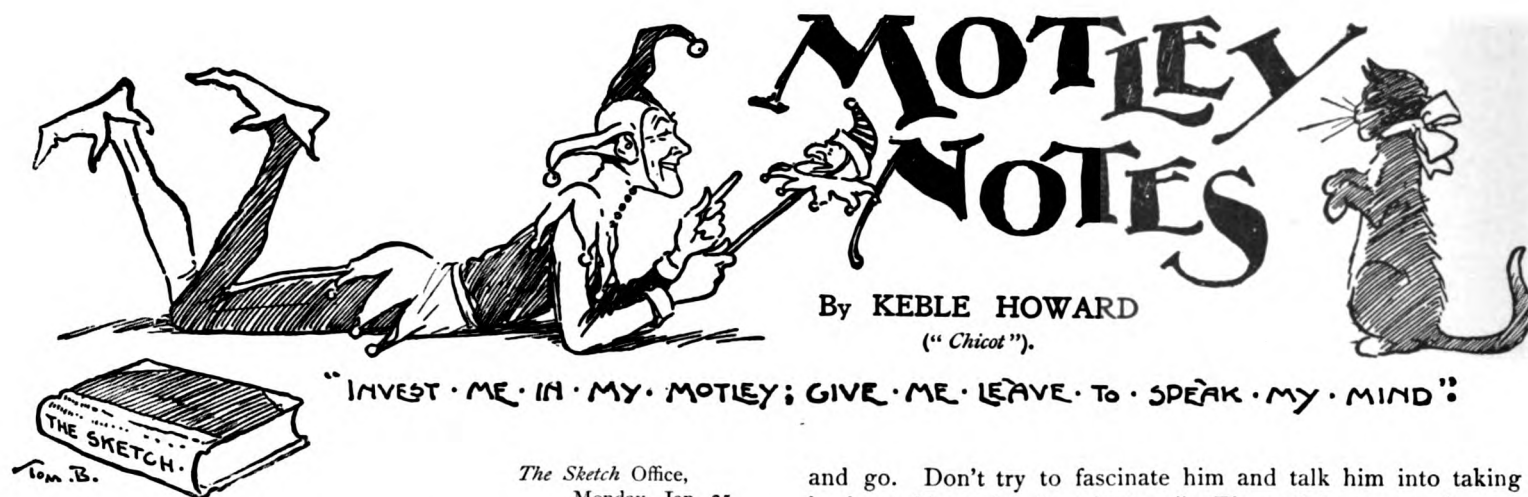


MR. HENRY LYTTON AND MISS AGNES FRASER IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL,"

AT THE ADELPHI.

*Copyright Photograph by the Bartholomew Printing Company.*





THERE are two or three quite impossible people in Captain Robert Marshall's farcical romance, "The Duke of Killcrankie," but the vilest caricature of all is Mr. Ambrose Hicks, the journalist. Either Captain Marshall is a very unobservant person, or he has never been interviewed. I am sorry, but I fear we must at once dismiss the latter alternative. This clever playwright stands convicted, therefore, of failing to note the idiosyncrasies of those gentlemen of the Press who have been kind enough to visit him in the way of business. Despite his own carelessness, however, and the solemn warning of Mr. Pinero notwithstanding, he has placed upon the stage of the Criterion that pitiful creature, Mr. Ambrose Hicks. You know, of course, the conventional stage-journalist. Well, Captain Marshall's young man is just a shade more offensive. His heels, if anything, are placed closer together; he makes greater play with his note-book; he licks his pencil oftener; his smile is more feline, his manner more impertinent. There is no particular reason, by the way, why he should be in the play at all. Let me beg the dramatist, then, to do away with this odious fellow, and thus remove the most serious blot upon a really amusing and original play. I hasten to add that my censure does not include the unfortunate gentleman who has undertaken, bravely enough, to enact the part.

The Bacon Society, that puling band of errorists, has been misguided enough to send me a Bacon-Shakspeare Calendar. For every day in the year this Calendar provides a quotation from Bacon and a quotation from Shakspeare. The idea, I take it, is to show a certain similarity of thought between the two writers. Thus: "Everything is good in its season" (Bacon). And below: "How many things by seasons seasoned are to their right praise and true perfection" (Shakspeare). The comparison, of course, is wholly in favour of Shakspeare, but I cannot imagine that the Bacon Society have issued this Calendar with the idea of producing any such impression. On the contrary, the card itself is ornamented with a biography in miniature of both men, from which it is evident that Bacon was a beautiful fellow and Shakspeare an arrant rascal. For example: "Francis Bacon. Studious, witty child. To Trinity College, Cambridge, 1573. Soon outstript his tutors. . . Solicitor-General. Lord Chancellor." On the other hand: "William Shakspeare. Butcher's apprentice. Education doubtful. Poached and killed Sir T. Lucy's deer. . . Died of a fever caused by too hard drinking. Left his second-best bed to his wife." Could anything be better calculated to increase our sympathy with sweet Will of Stratford-on-Avon?

The February number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* contains an article on "Writers and Editors," by Mrs. R. Neish. In compiling the article, the lady, I feel convinced, was actuated by a genuinely altruistic motive. So, too, am I when I warn the beginner against being guided altogether by Mrs. Neish's advice. In a very humble way, I happen to know something of editorial whims and fancies. I cannot, therefore, endorse any such statement as the following: "I have found it a good plan to study the type of story used by a magazine and then send them something exactly opposite in style." Neither would I advise aspirants, as Mr. Arnold Bennett calls them, to accept as a pearl of wisdom this wee tip: "When sending off a manuscript, send a note with it quoting the papers you write for." Heavens! What awful language I have been forced to hear in editorial offices solely on account of this very practice. Yet Mrs. Neish gives many shrewd hints in her article; here is one of the shrewdest: "If you have an interview with your editor, say what you have to say

and go. Don't try to fascinate him and talk him into taking work he has told you he doesn't want." The article was worth a place in the *Pall Mall Magazine* if only for that one exquisite fragment.

I hope Mr. J. T. Grein will continue to publish his dramatic criticisms in book form. Not only do they comprise a most useful record of the plays produced in London, but the liveliness of their style also makes them most entertaining reading. One cannot, comfortably, read more than one Sunday paper, and I frankly confess that I seldom come across a copy of the *Sunday Special*. In any case, however, I would rather read Mr. Grein between covers than in columns. A writer, it seems to me, never has full justice done to him in a newspaper. The eye of the reader is apt to wander to the next attraction. Take, for instance, the impression produced by a poem of Rudyard Kipling's when published in the *Times*, and by the same poem as it appears in a well-printed, well-bound volume. I remember reading "The Islanders" in the *Times*. I thought it, for Kipling, a meagre thing. A month or two ago, I read the same poem, carefully and critically, in "The Five Nations." I found it to be full of thought, power, sincerity. In the same way, I find Mr. Grein's dramatic criticisms to be pungent, witty, honest. I will not say more, for nothing could be more futile than to criticise a critic.

Mr. Cyril Maude (whose clever wife, by the way, forms the subject of our Supplement this week) is to be warmly congratulated upon the coolness he displayed under very trying circumstances during the first performance of "Joseph Entangled" last Tuesday evening. When the curtain rose on the second Act, the stage was lighted to represent an afternoon in October. Mr. Maude and Mr. Rudge Harding opened the scene. Hardly had they been playing two minutes when all the lights, with the exception of the "limes," suddenly went out. The scene continued, but presently one noticed a curl of smoke issuing from the O.P. side. A smell of burning canvas then became perceptible, and it was evident that a panic might follow. Members of the audience glanced at each other uneasily; a few even left the auditorium. Mr. Maude, however, continued to play his part as though nothing were the matter, and the other actors did the same. For all that, I could detect beads of perspiration on the manager's face, and realised the fearful ordeal through which he was passing. There was not the slightest danger of the fire reaching the audience, of course, but one thought of Chicago and waited, with nerves tense, for a rush. But no rush, thank Heaven, came. The players, led by their plucky chief, had saved the situation—and the play.

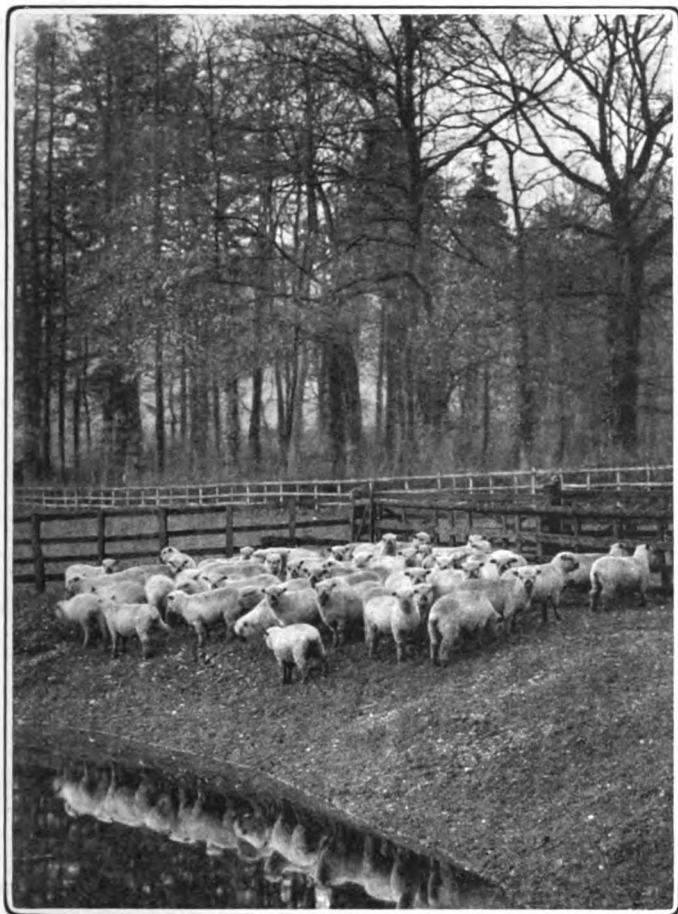
I killed the dull hours of yesterday—or rather, the hours which might otherwise have been dull—by reading Mr. Henry Harland's new novel, "My Friend Prospero." I predict as great a success for the book as Mr. Harland achieved with "The Cardinal's Snuff-box." There is the same literary charm, the same delicacy of humour, the same vivid scene-painting. Mr. Harland is a wizard. He takes you, very lightly, by the hand, and leads you through cool courts and April glades, past white fountains and laughing forests, over blossom-clad hills and snow-crowned mountains. He introduces you to the gayest, wittiest personages—sweet, careless souls who talk deliciously about nothing whatever, and sigh enchantingly when the sinking sun throws a night-kissed shadow athwart a bush of rustling roses. He prattles, ever so gaily, of life, and love, and cerise-white hands, and shy Cupids, and nodding bonnets, and slumber-lashed eyes. His philosophy is stuffed so full of mediæval impossibilities that one forgives him, utterly and willingly, for his lavish application of inapplicable adjectives. There is nothing, either in the American or English market, to compare with his purple-haunted foliage. In a word, Mr. Harland is—if one may employ a fantastic vulgarism—"It."

*The Queen's  
Favourite  
Portrait-Painter.*

Alone among living portrait-painters, Mr. Edward Hughes has had the delightful honour of painting the Queen three times from life. His first portrait of Her Majesty was done in the early 'nineties, when she was still Princess of Wales; it is a most dignified counterfeit presentment of our Sovereign's Consort and was specially lent by the King to a recent Guildhall Exhibition. This painting hangs in the Great Drawing-room at Sandringham, and is said to be the portrait of Her Majesty which is most liked by her own intimate circle. Mr. Hughes next painted the Queen under very different and sadder circumstances—that is, very soon after the Accession of our present Sovereign; and this second portrait shows Her Majesty clad in the severely plain mourning-garments worn by her on the occasion of the first Opening of Parliament by Edward VII., the long, black robes draping the graceful figure being relieved only by the splendour of the pearls worn by the Queen.

*The Queen's  
Coronation  
Portrait.*

In striking contrast is Mr. Hughes's third portrait of Her Majesty, for this represents the Queen Consort garbed in her splendid Coronation gown, robes, crown, and jewels. Mr. Edward Hughes and his daughter had the great honour of being included in the comparatively small group composing Her Majesty's Coronation guests,



SHROPSHIRES IN WINTER PASTURES: A STRIKING SHADOW EFFECT.

*Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.*

and Mr. Hughes had the rare privilege of seeing the Queen in Buckingham Palace just before the Royal Procession started for the Abbey. In this painting, which has not long been finished and of which a replica has been ordered by the King of Denmark, the artist has caught with happy skill the peculiar look of radiant goodness which seems to emanate from our gentle and beautiful Queen, and it will form a fit addition to the splendid collection of historic portraits now hanging in Buckingham Palace.

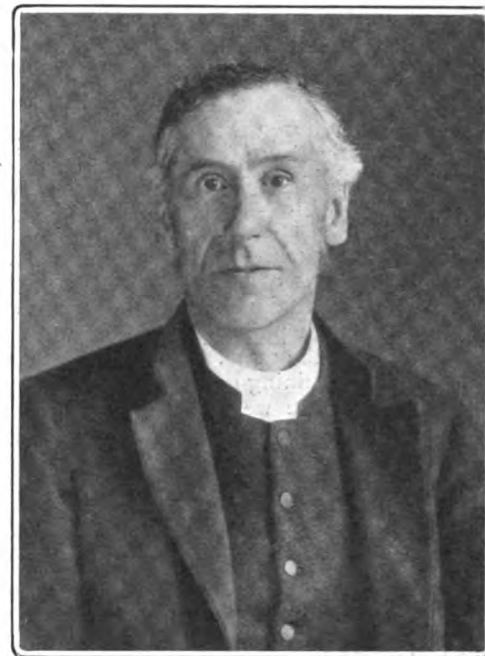
*On the Riviera.*

The Riviera season is now in full swing, and, despite the competition of Egypt, Algeria, and Southern Italy, the littoral is so crowded that it is impossible to find an empty villa in some towns, and people are being turned away from the hotels. Fine weather has developed the latent inclination to indulge in sport from which few Englishmen are exempt. While the *tir aux pigeons* attracts a cosmopolitan gathering and witnesses the exploits of past winners of the Grand Prix, including the Count O'Brien, who carried off the prize four years ago, other sport is more favoured by the British element. Golf-links from Cannes to Taggia are crowded, and it is not easy to get a breakfast-table at some of the Clubhouses attached to them; lawn-tennis is in full swing, and big efforts are being made to introduce cricket. At Nice a match has been played between a local eleven and a team from Mr. Higgins's yacht *Varuna*, and in Mentone Mr. Guy Beringer is doing his best to organise a local Club.

*The "G.O.M.'s"  
Parson Son.*

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, who has just resigned the Rectory of Hawarden, owing to ill-health, was the eldest surviving son of the "G.O.M.," and is ten years older than his M.P. brother, Herbert. Mr. Stephen Gladstone, who, like his famous father, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, is a distinct High Churchman, and has not spared himself in the large parish of which he has had charge for many years. His thin, earnest, eager face is eloquent of the devotion of the man. Mrs. Stephen Gladstone, the daughter of a distinguished Liverpool surgeon named Wilson, will be not less missed, for she has ever made the Rectory a centre of good words and works. It is not generally known, by the way, that Mr. Stephen Gladstone has in his gift the important and valuable Rectory of Liverpool, which falls vacant immediately, owing to the resignation of Canon Stewart. It has been suggested in some quarters that he will confer it on himself, but the idea is utterly absurd to those who know the man. At Hawarden he has had a good deal to do with the arrangements for St. Deiniol's Library, which the late Mr. Gladstone founded and enriched with the greater part of his enormous library. Deiniol was a Welsh saint, and Mr. Stephen Gladstone gave the quaint name to one of his little boys.

It is not generally known that J. R. Lowell had a sister who died as recently as 1898. She wrote several books, all of them anonymous, including the "Record of an Obscure Man," "Tragedy of Errors," "Tragedy of Success," "Fifteen Days," and a "History of the Court of Hungary."



THE REV. STEPHEN GLADSTONE,  
WHO HAS JUST RESIGNED THE RECTORSHIP OF HAWARDEN  
CHURCH.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



MR. EDWARD HUGHES, PORTRAIT-PAINTER TO THE QUEEN.

*Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I READ in my morning paper a very solemn warning to all small boys. A dozen Peers, several Bishops, some Judges, and a goodly number of Members of Parliament, doctors, and headmasters of Public Schools sign the warning, which is directed against—cigarette-smoking. *Parturiunt montes*, and I am afraid nothing more than a manifesto is born. It suggests something akin to lack of the sense of humour among most of the signers. I remember far-off days when I, too, was a small boy with a penchant for brown paper if tobacco was unattainable. When my sins found me out, I accepted the penalties with philosophy, and my friends—offenders, too, for the most part—did the same. We never knew that we were undermining our health and ruining our characters, though it is quite clear from the manifesto that we were doing so. I would suggest that, if it is desirable to keep the small boy from smoking—and it is reasonable to believe that he would be better without tobacco—shopkeepers should be forbidden to supply cigarettes to children who are too young to smoke. As a class, schoolmasters can do more to stop the habit by striving against it in their schools than by signing a manifesto that

I have never hesitated to suggest that the revolt of Panama against Colombia happened at the right moment for the United States Government. Seeing how seldom things will develop at the exactly correct time in this imperfect world, it was not unreasonable to regard the event with benevolent suspicion. One could not but be glad to see that the U.S.A. had arranged its business so satisfactorily, and at the same time it was permissible to close one eye and wink the other. The inevitable denials circulated in Washington, but one continued to wink. Now I read in a daily paper of N'York a graphic and circumstantial account of the business. The story is undenied, and, I fear, undeniable; the whole affair was a "put-up job" of which the United States Government had cognisance.

Certainly some of the administrative hands at Washington will need the first two syllables of the Diplomatic capital, and a little whitewash will not do harm to one or two political reputations; but when you put political morality on one side and the possession of the Panama Canal on the other, and are bound to sacrifice one, there is hardly a



A FREE-FOOD LEAGUE.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

will never reach the eyes of one small boy in every thousand. A sledge-hammer is a useful implement, but a poor substitute for nut-crackers.

We are so accustomed to small campaigns in out-of-the-way corners of the Empire that they rouse little or no attention unless among the relatives of soldiers engaged on the spot, consequently if one of our European neighbours is in trouble with its Colonies we think the matter is of no importance. But my morning paper tells me that Germany is most seriously embarrassed in South-West Africa just now. Round Windhoek, the capital of the Colony, the native tribes are on the war-path. At the moment, certain Southern tribes, called for their sins the Bondelzwarts, are keeping the Governor of German South-West Africa very busy indeed, and no relief-party can reach the capital before the end of the first week in February, by which time there may be no capital to reach.

Count von Bülow has told the Reichstag that the fruit of ten years' labour has been swept away already by the revolting tribes. Seeing that German South-West Africa has never paid its expenses, and that the German residents are about one per cent. of the population, and no more, it may seem that the Kaiser's Government would be well advised to leave the country to the Hereros and Bondelzwarts, who seem more attached to it than its conquerors are. But Germany's population is increasing at the rate of a million per annum, and German South-West Africa is bigger than Germany. Unhappily for the Fatherland, its citizens have no genius for colonising, and inducements to colonise are made generally at the expense of the natives, with those results that trouble Count von Bülow at present.

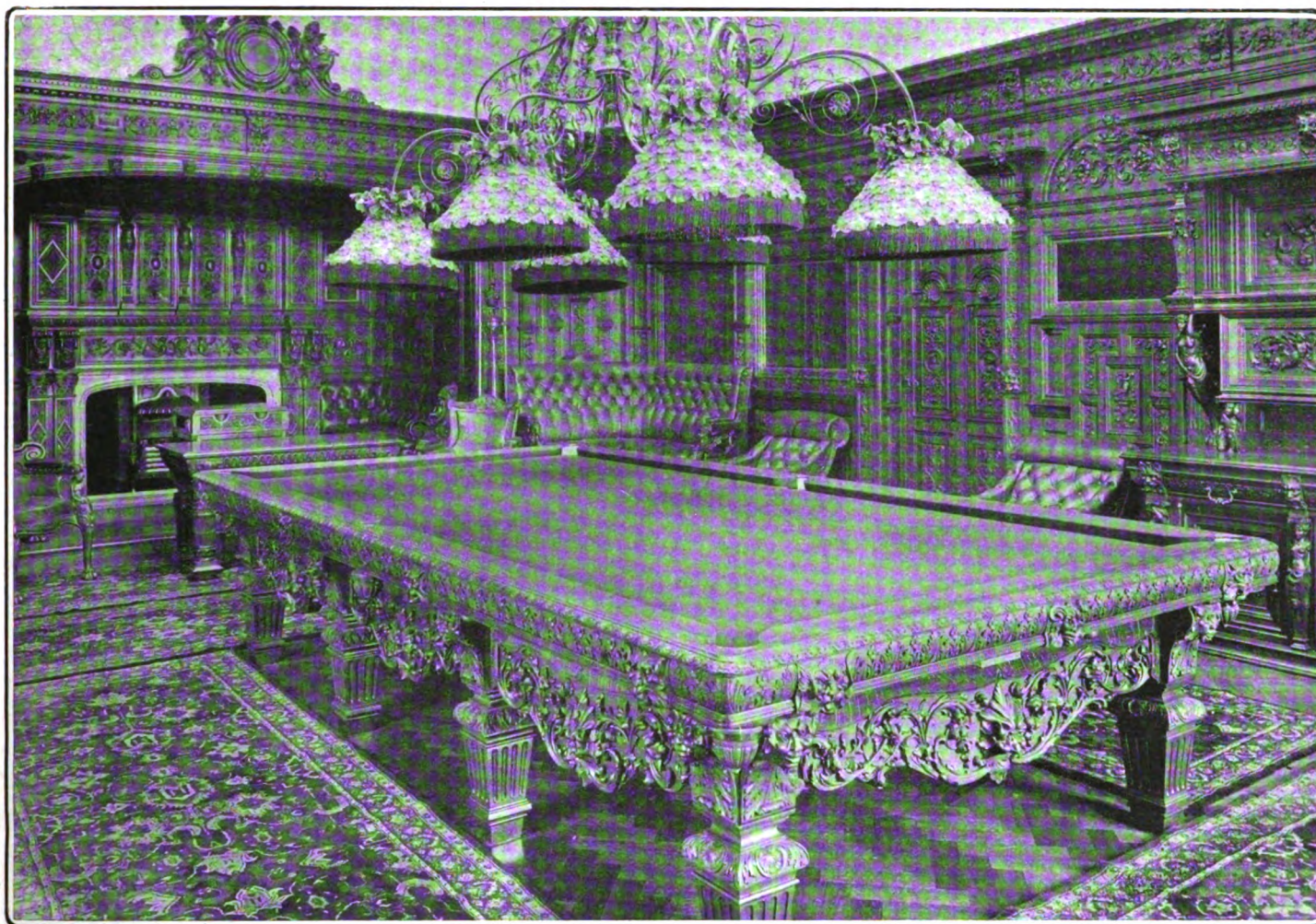
politician, with the possible exception of John Morley, who would hesitate. Apart from the pages of American papers that are "agin the Government," there will be very little protest on behalf of angry, helpless Colombia.

Jerusalem has to endure the visits of many strange folks, but it has a rare treat in store just now. I read that some three or four hundred teachers in Sunday Schools are going to visit the Sacred City, under the auspices of the Sunday School Unions. A ship has been chartered, the charge is moderate, and the party is to set out at the end of March. I can't help thinking that the people who are not able to join are better off than they imagine. Jerusalem is by no means all the Sunday School fancy paints it. The traveller by way of Jaffa reaches Jerusalem Railway Station and finds up-to-date advertisements on the hoardings. Comfortable hotels capable of accommodating three or four hundred extra visitors must have been built since I was last in Palestine, and the city itself, never too healthy, is as dirty as it can be.

Jerusalem teems with poverty and piety, and the devotees of the sects that are represented are ready to fly at each other's throats, particularly in the spring, when the Eastertide and Passover festivals come hand-in-hand. I fear that disillusion awaits most of the pilgrims, unless they can see beyond the dirt and discomfort. Few people can accomplish this simple task when they venture for the first time into the picturesque but insanitary East, and, as the majority of these pilgrims are probably untravelled, there will be a lot of disappointment among them.



AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE BILLIARD-ROOM BUILT BY MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT UNDER THE LAKE AT LEA PARK, HIS MANSION NEAR GODALMING.

*Photograph by Bulbeck and Co., Strand.*



THE FATAL FIRE AT THE CELEBRATED MOUNT ROYAL CLUB, MONTREAL, ON JAN. 5. (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

*Photograph by Notman and Son.*



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## "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

IT is a far cry from "Carmen" to "All the Year Round," the Alhambra management's new *ballet d'action*, which recalls, *longo intervallo*, "Round the Town," the Empire Theatre's great success. Messrs. Arthur Sturges and Charles Wilson are responsible for the story, and the music has been written by J. M. Glover, the popular composer of Drury Lane Theatre—who has a great contempt for orthodox ballet. He believes in something modern, up-to-date, brisk, and bustling, and has brought his collaborators into line with him. If the result seems strange after the series of more serious ballets the house has presented in the past two years, it is only fair to say that the first-night verdict was unanimous.

The idea of "All the Year Round" is to tell the story of the months to a young man who does not know how to enjoy himself. After an introductory scene, January, February, and March are disposed of very quickly, and April is shown at Westminster, where flower-girls are selling primroses under Lord Beaconsfield's statue. This is a lively scene, with dances arranged by Fred Farren and very brightly executed by the flower-girls and their admirers. The third tableau, with its ballabile of Lilac, Laburnum, and May, is one of the prettiest in the production, and Madame Corman's arrangement of the dances is most effective. The story of June, July, and August is told by the banks of Thames, with a dance of summer sports and an amusing piece of business associated with bathing. To emphasise the fact that the ballet tradition doesn't count, there is a costers' "Cake-Walk" of the liveliest sort, and the action of the ballet had to be delayed on the first-night to allow the applause to come to an end. Hampstead Heath and Margate sands seem to supply the inspiration for this scene. September and October are shown in a very pretty autumn-picture by Mr. W. B. Spong, with a ballabile of Wheat, Corn-flowers, Poppies, and Autumn-leaves, and November is seen through a London fog on the Thames Embankment, with a clever dance by newsboys for which Mr. Farren is responsible. December brings the year to a close rather after the fashion of a transformation-scene at the pantomime.

The ballet goes with a rush from start to finish. One scene succeeds to another so quickly, the changes of costume and dance-measure are so rapid, that there is no moment in which attention can be taken from the passing show. Mr. Glover's lively score seems to bring out the energy of every dancer on the stage: the seven scenes are presented within fifty minutes. Miss Edith Slack has the chief part, a very small one, and Miss Rosie Deane assists her, but "All the Year Round" is in too great a hurry to spare time for principals. They must just do what they can, and be quick about it. "The Devil's Forge" has been withdrawn, and one tableau of "Carmen" is presented in its place, with Mdlle. Casaboni in the title-rôle, *vice* Maria la Bella, whose engagement is at an end.

S. L. B.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JANUARY 30.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT—

## "AT THE WORLD'S END."

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JANUARY 30.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.



SKETCHES OF "ALL THE YEAR ROUND" BY RALPH CLEAVER.

(See Page 42.)



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Sir Harry Keppel—The Army Reform Scheme—House-maid Officers—The Hereros Rebellion.*

SIR HARRY KEPPEL, who went to his last resting-place in Winkfield Churchyard with such tokens of affection as few of the most popular men receive after death, was a favourite with all who knew him, and not least with the soldiers who met him, on or off duty, during his long and busy life. He had



*[Photograph by Langflier.]*

THE LATE MR. JAMES E. MOSS,  
ELDEST SON OF MR. H. E. MOSS, MANAGING  
DIRECTOR OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

the perfection of the Naval man's manner, that combination of breeziness and great courtesy which comes to men whose duty it is to set an example of cheerfulness under all circumstances, and who constantly have to perform diplomatic duties abroad second only in importance to those of our Ambassadors.

He was a great favourite, as has been abundantly testified, of our King and Queen, and the German Emperor was also very fond of him. His manner was just as simple with the greatest people in the land as it was with the smallest. One day, Sir Harry was walking with the King, at Cowes

I fancy, and the Kaiser met them. An interchange of salutes occurred, and the Kaiser took off his cap in the old-fashioned manner of salute. This drew an observation from the King, and the Emperor said that he followed the example of the "Father of the Fleet." Sir Harry had forgotten the new military salute, but his excuse, given with a comical smile, that "It is difficult to teach old dogs new tricks," ended the incident amidst much laughter.

Mr. Arnold-Forster has pleased nearly everybody, including the Army itself, by his plans of Army Reform, and it would be ungracious to remember at the present moment that other physicians have been just as sure that they would cure their patient when they took up the case. There is all this in favour of the War Minister's new scheme, that he knows what he wants and that his ideas are simple enough to be understood by every man who had time to read his speech at Liverpool or a summary of it.

What Mr. Arnold-Forster hopes to give us is a fine Foreign-service Army fed from home, with, in this country, a comparatively small force ready to go at once on any expedition. The Reserve is to have a quiet and peaceable time until some emergency of real importance occurs; there is to be a number of Captains and subalterns always

in reserve, ready to give trained Commanders to Companies when expansion is necessary; the Militia is to be saved, and is apparently to be our first line of defence at home; the Volunteers are to be no longer bullied; and many other pleasant things are projected for the Military Millennium which is to come to us at last.

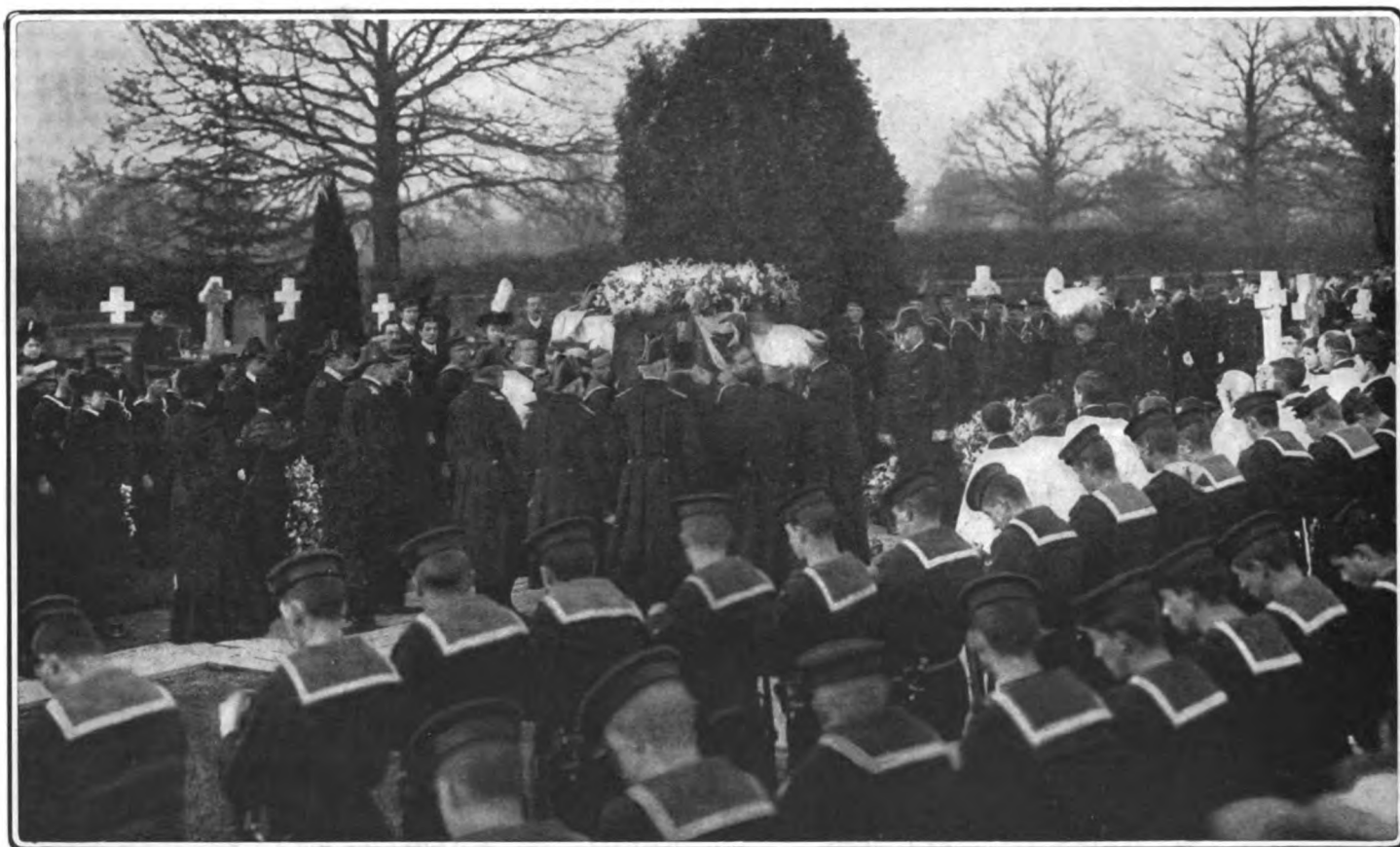
The improvement in barracks and dépôts which Mr. Arnold-Forster promises, and which, I am sure, he will see is done, I have advocated so often here and elsewhere that I feel it is becoming my pet parrot-cry. The tribute Mr. Arnold-Forster pays to the regimental officer and the promise to make his work more interesting and to relieve him as much as possible of his house-maid duties will delight the whole of the Army, for the regimental officer and the War Office official have been, most unjustly, I think, the whipping-boys who have borne the stripes which should have fallen to the lot of other offenders.

The Germans will have their hands very uncomfortably full with the Hereros to subdue, and, while the sympathy of all white men is with the white man's cause, we English shall watch with some interest whether the Germans, who criticise with such acerbity our shortcomings in the eastern part of South Africa, will do very much better themselves in the west. The Hottentots are not the best of fighting material, but their country is mountainous and difficult, and the German marines, in special boots without hobnails, and the twenty-five mounted officers are likely to do a great deal of useless marching before they become efficient in native warfare.

The Kaiser has taken in hand personally the direction of all the arrangements for the campaign against the Hereros, and he is the German soldier best qualified to do this, quite apart from his position as Head of the Army, for he has followed all our little wars with minute attention. Many an English soldier to whom the Emperor has spoken and has chatted over his services with him has mentioned some little expedition on a distant frontier, and has been surprised to find that the Kaiser has not only remembered the campaign, but had retained in his mind all the circumstances connected with it.

Mr. James Edward Moss, eldest son of Mr. H. E. Moss, the popular Managing Director of the London Hippodrome, died suddenly, a few days ago, at Edinburgh, from an attack of typhoid-fever, at the early age of twenty-four.

Though, fortunately, the burning down of the Mount Royal Club at Montreal on the 5th inst. was not attended by such an appalling loss of life as that at Chicago, it was marked by several deplorable incidents. The fire broke out in the early morning, and, in jumping from a third-storey window, the Secretary, Colonel Liardet, formerly an officer of the British Army, was so terribly injured that he died later in the day. A fireman also met his death, and a lady book-keeper was seriously hurt. The Mount Royal Club is one of the most exclusive in Canada and is known in Montreal as "The Millionaire Club." It is something of a coincidence that the Clubhouse was burnt down on Jan. 10th of last year, and its rebuilding had hardly been completed when it again met with the same fate.



*[Photograph by Russell, Windsor.]*

THE BURIAL OF ADMIRAL-OF-THE-FLEET SIR HARRY KEPPEL IN WINKFIELD CHURCHYARD, BERKS.

*The coffin was covered with floral tributes from the King, Queen, Princess Louise, and the German Emperor.*



### A Royal Engagement.

The engagement of the Queen's niece and namesake, Princess Alexandra of Cumberland, to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is of great interest to our Royal Family, not only because of the bride-elect's close connection with Her Majesty, but because she is one of the very few foreign Princesses who also belong to our blood-royal. The young Princess will probably come to England soon after her marriage, for she is on the most affectionate terms with the children of the King, her first-cousins, and with whom, indeed, she will soon be doubly connected, as the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin's sister is married to the son of the Crown Prince of Denmark. As most people are aware, the Duke of Cumberland is *de jure* King of Hanover, and, accordingly, he and his family are among the many European Sovereigns living in exile. This fact, however, has not prevented the daughters of the Duke of Cumberland from making great marriages, and the pretty Princess whose wedding will be, after that of Princess Alice of Albany, the most notable of the Royal functions of the kind taking place this spring made her début at the proudest and most brilliant of European Courts, that of Vienna.

### King Oscar's Birthday.

In Sweden and Norway the people have been celebrating with the utmost heartiness the seventy-fifth birthday of their Sovereign. At Stockholm the Municipality illuminated all the public buildings and the canals which traverse the city and give it its name of "The Venice of the North." The school-children went in procession to the Palace and sang patriotic songs under the King's windows, while the poor of the city were given a dinner. But the most important ceremony was the presentation by the city of a sum of money to get the Hospital for Consumptives out of debt. In 1897, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King's accession, the nation unanimously voted a sum of one hundred thousand pounds to build the Hospital for Consumptives, and the Municipality of Stockholm gave an additional forty thousand pounds. But the sums thus subscribed have proved insufficient, for in Stockholm alone there are more than seven hundred persons suffering from this terrible disease. In honour of the King's birthday, the nation has, therefore, voted an additional twelve thousand pounds for the Hospital, in order to bring it up to modern requirements. King Oscar



Photograph by Heuschkel, Schwerin.

GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

### A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT.

and Queen Sophia are now preparing to travel in the South of Europe as soon as the health of the Queen permits her to move, and during the King's absence the Crown Prince will, as usual, act as Regent.

### Miss Millicent James.

Of the many pretty and clever children in Society, there are very few who have so interesting and pleasant a life as the young daughters of Mrs. Willie James, the popular hostess of West Dean Park. One of the group of little sisters has the honour of being Queen Alexandra's godchild and namesake, and they all enjoy Her Majesty's special affection and favour. The Queen is fond of giving small parties for her youthful friends, and these gatherings are always attended by the Misses James, though they spend most of the year in their

lovely Sussex home, where they each and all help their charming mother in her duties of Lady Bountiful. Nowadays the Society child has a far pleasanter existence than was once the case; she is often allowed to act as bridesmaid at a great wedding, and she accompanies her mother to informal afternoon - fêtes long before she has made her real début.

Curiously little is known of the Roman Catholic nobility, unless, indeed, the marriage of so important a personage as the premier Duke and Earl Marshal comes to pass, causing a certain amount of discussion and interest, and yet they form an important section of the great world. Among Roman Catholic hostesses, one of



LADY EDMUND TALBOT,  
SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

the most remarkable, both from the philanthropic and social points of view, is Lady Edmund Talbot, wife of the only brother and heir of the Duke of Norfolk. Lady Edmund is a daughter of the Earl of Abingdon, and so a member of the great Diplomatic family of Bertie. She might, indeed, be also counted a great political hostess, for Lord Edmund has had a long public career, and has sat in the House of Commons for the Chichester Division, in the Conservative interest, for the last nine years. She is, however, more concerned with philanthropy than with politics, and she has taken a prominent part in the various



Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF CUMBERLAND.

movements which have for object that of reclaiming and reforming the girl "Hooligans" of the poorer quarters of London.

### Mentone.

Among the many interesting visitors to Mentone just now is the Princess Clémentine of Bourbon-Orleans, who has taken the Villa Lucioles for the season. The Princess is daughter of King Louis-Philippe and lives in Vienna. At Mentone her sons, Prince Philip and Prince Auguste, have been staying with her, and now she is said to be expecting a visit from her youngest son, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who looms so largely in Balkan politics. As the Constitution of Bulgaria demands the constant presence of the ruler within the realm, the visit will be quite a private one, I suppose. But it is easy to believe that the Prince would welcome a few days away from Sofia, more than ever if he can stay in Mentone, which is now at its best and is second to no spot on the French Mediterranean littoral in attractions.

### The Walls of Spoleto.

Those who know the little Umbrian town of Spoleto will regret to hear that an historic wall of the city has fallen down. This, following so closely on the destruction of the Campanile of San Marco at Venice, has given rise to a very lively discussion in Italy, and the Government is being urged on all sides to take stringent measures for the preservation of the historic monuments which are the glory of Italy. There is a department for the protection of historic monuments in Italy, but there is a general feeling that it does not give proper attention to the work, and a movement is on foot not only for a reorganisation of the department, but also for a thorough change in the officials who compose it.



MISS MILLICENT JAMES,  
A DAUGHTER OF MRS. WILLIE JAMES.  
Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.



### *The Court in London.*

The arrival of the Court in London is always a pleasing event, not only for loyal Londoners, but also for all those who are in more or less relation with Buckingham Palace. Their Majesties, to give but one instance, are indefatigable playgoers, and theatrical managers know what a vast difference Royal patronage may make to the fortunes of a new play. Then, again, when in town the King and Queen are extremely kind in receiving distinguished foreigners who may happen

predecessors. The Club is situated in a large and convenient house in Russell Square, and contains all the latest improvements in lighting, heating, and sanitary arrangements; but its primary aim is to be a quiet, useful Club, and to provide comfort without luxury. It hopes also to raise domestic work to the rank of a profession, and to this end the working staff is composed entirely of ladies, while a limited number of working students will be taken as pupils. The rules and regulations are sufficiently comprehensive without being irksome, the charges are exceedingly moderate, and servants may be obtained through the medium of the Club. Lady Alice Archer Houlston is the President, Miss Agatha Henslow the Secretary, and in the list of the Committee of Patronesses occur the names of Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, the Countess of Crawford, Lady Rayleigh, Lady Acland, Lady Faudel-Phillips, Lady Threlton-Dyer, and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Gathorne-Hardy.



SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM: THE DINING-ROOM OF THE ARACHNE CLUB, A SCHOOL FOR EDUCATING GENTLEWOMEN IN DOMESTIC DUTIES.

to be staying in the capital of our Empire. The great French sculptor, M. Rodin, was thus received by the King, who amazed him by his wonderful knowledge of contemporary French art.

*The Royal Wedding.* Although the Royal Wedding will be a very great and stately function, it is not true that Garter Robes are to be worn, as they were, for instance, at the wedding of the present Sovereign and his Consort. It is, however, an interesting fact that Her Majesty will wear her Garter ribbon for the first time at a Royal wedding. The King's principal guests will be the King and Queen of Würtemberg, the former an uncle by marriage of the bride, as well as a first-cousin of the late Duke of Teck. It is hoped in Windsor that the Queen will preside over some kind of function, perhaps a dance, in honour of the Sovereign guests, who are to stay in this country about ten days, for, after leaving Windsor, they will spend a short time at Claremont.

### *Last Week's Weddings.*

Among the most interesting points concerning last week's weddings were the gifts received by both the brides and bridegrooms, for Lord Helmsley and Lord Herbert seem to have been as much favoured in the matter of presents as were their *fiancées*. It is clear that quaint trifles are to be the fashion during the coming year. Viscountess Helmsley had an amazing collection of uncommon jewels, including whole rows of pendants, of which the finest came from the Duchess of Sutherland, her aunt, and was composed of diamonds and emeralds. Young Lady Herbert had a turquoise necklace, the joint gift of twenty-two of her girl-friends, and she also received a very wonderful necklace from an Indian Prince who is a friend of herself and her bridegroom. It will be interesting if the Royal Wedding is at all influenced by the passing fashion; so far, the young Princess-bride seems to have received only old-fashioned and rather stately gifts, but the Duchess of Albany has such an immense number of friends that Her Royal Highness will probably receive many humble offerings, though it may be doubted whether she will be presented with anything so unique in the way of a marriage-gift as the cheese that was sent to Lady Marjorie Greville by one of her father's oldest tenants.

### *The Arachne Club.*

Ladies' Clubs have become quite a familiar feature of London life of late years, but the newest of these, somewhat curiously named "The Arachne," has little in common with its

### *Yvette.*

The Folies - Bergères. An atmosphere of smoke and mingled perfumes, chat in all languages, laughter, the gurgling of outpoured bottles and the clink of glasses. The audience's attention everywhere directed, excepting to the stage. Then the change of a number, a few strains from the orchestra, and sudden silence. An outburst of applause—Yvette Guilbert—and silence even more tangible than it was before.

It is and it is not the old Yvette (says our Paris Correspondent). The same tawny-gold mat of hair, the same long, black gloves, the same angularities are there as the Yvette of olden days possessed before she grew both prosperous and plump, and lost a little of her power in doing so. That power has come back to her—has come back with the angularities which illness brought—but there is something with it which an illness of the body does not bring. Yvette has found herself. Listen to her. Her voice is everything by turns. A whip-lash now, as she cuts at the follies and the vices which, with no change save in inflection, she pities, and makes us, too, pity a few seconds later. There is the *Weltschmerz* in both voice and feature, and Ladislas Loevy, the painter of "Les Noctambules," who sits beside me, scrambles over the pages of his sketch-book, noting impressions down. "Oh, the unutterable weariness of her face!" he says; and Yvette's face is weary—wearied with the pain both of living and creating. Her song is ended. While we watched that look of weary pity in her eyes, those round us have been shouting for another song, and get it—like a flash of limelight through the smoke. For a new Yvette flashes out of the black spangled dress like living fire.

The sky was overcast a moment since, and we were shuddering unhappily because the icy rain must come. Now, sun is shining, frost is on the ground, and it is good to be alive. A moment later, Yvette's song and humour change again, and we are shuddering at a malefactor's death and stand beside him on the scaffold. All this within a quarter-of-an-hour. Yvette Guilbert no longer sings nor acts her songs. She lives them. She left us some months since a clever actress. She has come back a Duse of the Concert-hall.



SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM: ARACHNE CLUB PUPILS IN THE KITCHEN.





## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King intends to hold a Chapter of the Order of the Garter on Feb. 9. This is a most interesting indication of His Majesty's desire to revive as much as possible the stately and picturesque ceremonial which fell to a certain extent into abeyance in the prosaic and utilitarian years of the nineteenth century. It is just ninety-nine years this month since the last Chapter of the Order was held for the installation of a Knight, the Sovereign

at ten thousand pounds. On the 10th will come the Royal Wedding at Windsor, also the excuse for a good deal of entertaining in that lively neighbourhood. The Earl Marshal will probably be present, as his own wedding, after several changes, has now been fixed for the following day. By the way, it is interesting to note that the Duke of Norfolk's honeymoon will be spent in the beautiful country home of Lord and Lady Halifax.

*The "N-rays."* The mysterious "N-rays," which were discovered by M. Blondlot, have been proved by Professor Charpentier, of Nancy, to emanate from the human body, and more especially from the muscles. To show this, the Professor suggests a little experiment which can be tried by anyone. It is only necessary to take a piece of black paper, part of which has been covered with phosphorescent sulphur, and place it against a muscle in a dark room. The phosphorescence will at once be seen. The effect is due to the fact that the muscle is a source of N-rays.

having ever since dispensed with the performance of the ceremony in the case of each new appointment to the Order. This is more curious when we remember that Chapters of the Order of St. Patrick are often held, among the most memorable being those at which King Edward, in 1868, and the Prince of Wales, in 1897, were invested. The Viceroy of India, too, often holds Chapters of the two great Indian Orders, of which he is, in virtue of his office, the Grand Master. Curiously enough, in the case of the Order of the Thistle there has never been an installation, though more than one of our Sovereigns has contemplated holding such a ceremony, but the appointment of each new Knight has always been accompanied by the issue of a warrant dispensing with the installation. In the case of the Order of the Bath, on the other hand, the installation ceremony, of which there are eleven instances recorded between 1725 and 1812, has become obsolete, and since the accession of Queen Victoria even the issue of the dispensation warrants has been discontinued. A Chapter of the Order of the Garter, if all the Knights were present, would be an assemblage of extraordinary interest, for it would include several of the Crowned Heads of Europe as well as many of our great statesmen and nobles.

*The Czarina.* The news of the Empress of Russia's serious illness has caused the greatest and most unaffected concern in this country. The subjects of Her Imperial Majesty's uncle, King Edward, do not forget that the lovely Consort of the Czar is of half-British birth and spent many happy days during her girlhood in England. Uneasy lies the head which wears the Russian Crown, and this is even truer of the Emperor's Consort than of himself, for she goes to her grave with the perpetual fear of the Anarchist bomb which may strike her loved ones. Day by day the news of the Empress's health varies, and the last reports are certainly more cheering, for the Emperor is about to take his wife to a favourite palace where they will be able to enjoy a thorough change and rest. At the present moment, Her Imperial Majesty is full of anxiety concerning the possibility of war in the Far East. Like her mother, the late Princess Alice, the Empress takes a special interest in nursing and in ambulance-work, and, should the present crisis lead to war, she will certainly make a great effort to organise the medical military service according to the latest and most humane principles.

*Society in February.* Society is looking forward to next month, for never has a gayer February been promised to the "smart" world. The opening of Parliament is to be the occasion of the most splendid ceremonial ever seen in connection with this fine mediæval function. Then a record Charity Ball will bring all the world and his wife to the Opera House, Covent Garden, and it is said that one dress alone among the fancy-costumes worn will be enriched with gems valued



*Two Pretty Sisters.*

Few ladies are more popular in Society than Lady Wallscourt and her sister, Miss Palliser, the daughters of the late Sir William Palliser, a famous inventor whose name is even yet associated with steel guns and projectiles. Lady Wallscourt was married some seven years ago, and since then has spent much of her time at Ardfry, County Galway, her husband's beautiful country seat.

*Mr. Chamberlain at the Guildhall.*

The City authorities showed every possible honour to Mr. Chamberlain on the occasion of his Fiscal speech at the Guildhall, and he was received with the most eager enthusiasm. Yet he was not quite satisfied, because a resolution on his policy could not be submitted. His expression of regret on this account was, perhaps, a little unkind to the Lord Mayor and Common Council. Mr. Chamberlain was heard with unflagging attention for an hour and a quarter. About two thousand of his hearers stood for nearly three hours behind the barrier which separated

Leader of the Upper House. Earl Fitzwilliam was in the House of Commons for seven years before he succeeded his grandfather, in 1902, and while he was a member he served in South Africa. He owns 115,800 acres. The Seconder in the Upper House, Lord Hylton, was probably recommended to the new Leader by the fact that he has been in the Diplomatic service. He also has served a political apprenticeship with the Commons.

In the House of Commons the mover of the Address is to be Mr. Laurence Hardy, and the seconder Mr. Plummer. Neither is a novice. Both are familiar with Parliamentary work and have proved their ability. Mr. Hardy is one of the best Committee Chairmen in the House. He is a nephew of Lord Cranbrook, and, as Chairman of the Low Moor Ironworks, he may speak with authority on the Fiscal Question. Another branch of that question can be treated, with equal knowledge, by Mr. Plummer, who is a metal-merchant in Newcastle and is familiar with the industries of the North-East of England.



MISS PALLISER.

ER.

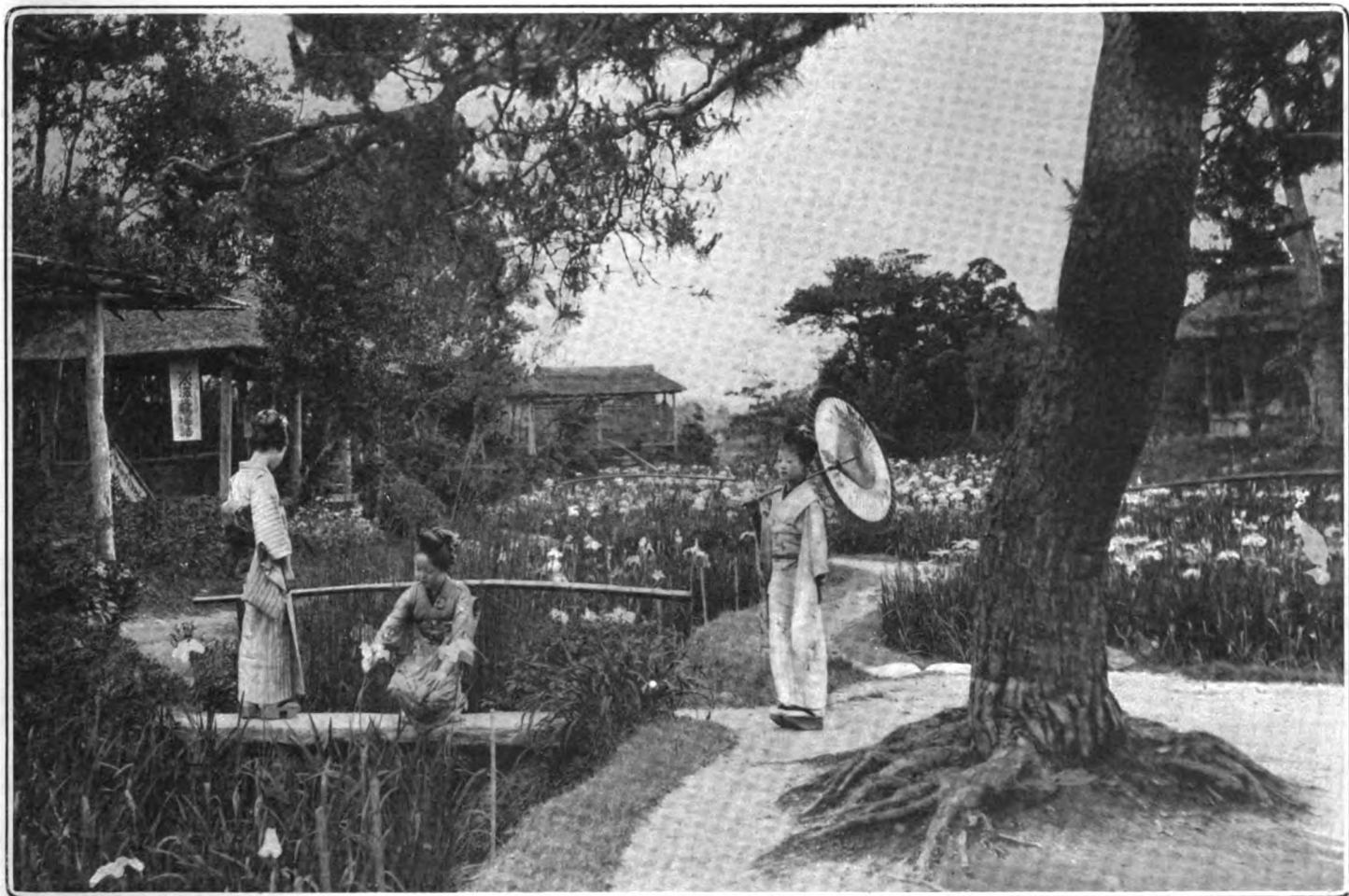
universal consent there is no stronger Judge on the Bench than Mr. Justice Bigham. The son of a Liverpool merchant and the possessor of talents ever known on the Northern Circuit, his speech was well received by the trading classes, and, "Greek-play Judges. Certainly Sir John does well, particularly in the prolonged and Liverpool Bank frauds. Sir John does not look and he is morally certain to be promoted to or even to the House of Lords. He has been to the modern fashion, on extra-judicial duties as a Commission on Martial Law in South Africa, and to the Bench he served on the famous House of Commons on the Jameson Raid. He has a very clever son, Mr. Bigham, C.M.G., who, after going to Eton and years as Attaché in St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and "Special" for the *Times* in the Greco-Turkish War, was awarded the Order for repatriating refugees in Thessaly, and joined Sir Edward Seymour's expedition to relieve the Greeks as Intelligence Officer. After he had put in a year with Lord Dudley in Ireland, he was attached in the Intelligence Department at Headquarters.



DAINTY JAPAN: TWO TYPICAL SCENES.

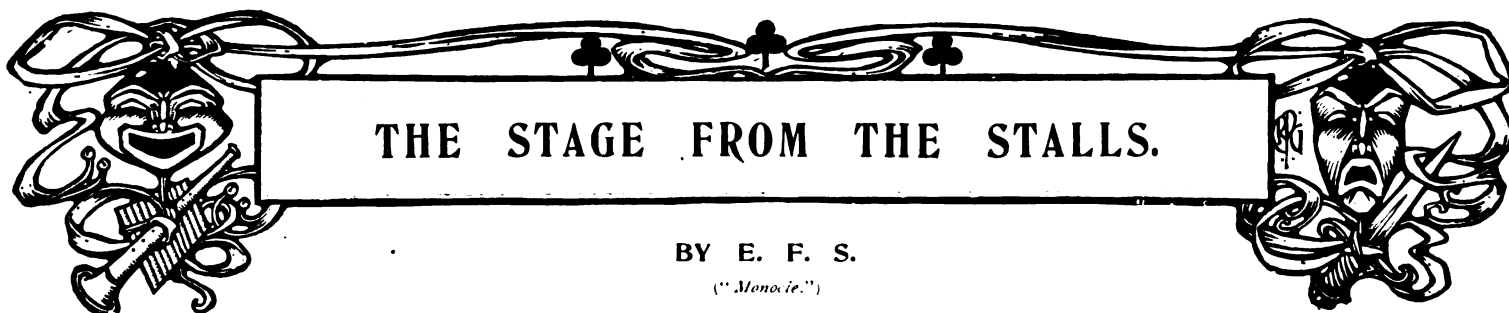


A PICTURESQUE METHOD OF LOCOMOTION.



AN IRIS - GARDEN NEAR TOKIO.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Menagerie.")

"JOSEPH ENTANGLED" AND "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE."

THE presentation of a new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is, of course, one of the principal events of the theatrical season. The author has given to us so many admirable dramas that are almost masterpieces as to inspire a nearly confident hope every time that we are going to see a real master-work—a play capable of being revived successfully at the awkward interval of time too short for a success of curiosity or treatment as a costume-drama, and too long for current slang in phrases, thoughts, and superficial conduct to be still in vogue.

A play maintaining throughout the level, not necessarily of his best, but even his second-best might well achieve what, in the sloppy language of to-day, is called some measure of immortality. "Joseph Entangled" is not the fulfilment of such hopes, but merely a very clever, amusing, slightly farcical, dry comedy, destined, I suspect, to become more farcical during the run. We have had so much sweet-stuff at the Haymarket that it is a relief to get something that is acid—or rather, acidulated throughout. It may be that the bread-and-butter Misses—who smoke cigarettes—will make an outcry at the lack of sentiment and the absence of a Prince Charming of any kind, and that some, more sanctimonious than I, will protest that it is a Seventh Commandment drama, and so on. The fact remains that it is vastly amusing to the man-of-the-world and his wife, and that, so far as it touches an indelicate subject, the treatment is remarkably delicate. I shudder to think what some playwrights would have done with the materials at hand in the brilliant first Act.

"Brilliance" is the just term. Apart from the rather unnecessary violence of motive for Lady Verona's visit to London, the nicest art is shown in bringing about the remarkable position of the pretty, young married woman, Lady Verona, caught during the off-season in her husband's town-house, when he is in the country (and supposed to be in Scotland), at breakfast with Sir Joseph Lacy, a notorious lady-killer of a dangerous age, who is known to have been her sweetheart, and believed, correctly, still to be in love with her. We know that this breakfast is the result of accident and that Joseph and Lady V. are almost innocent. I say "almost," since, although from the man-of-the-world point of view they are quite guiltless, it is clear that her Ladyship's faithfulness in thought—I do not say "desire"—to her husband is questionable, and it is admitted that Sir Joseph would be delighted to elope with her.

Having reached this position and exhibited to us a husband obviously not to be trifled with, a pair of very diverting, untruthful servants, and two friends of husband, wife, and Joseph whose indiscretion can be relied upon, the author had quite a Gladstonian collection of courses open to him. In France, with the aid of the duelling system—maintained, no doubt, exclusively in the interest of playwrights and journalists—probably the dramatist would have dealt with the code-of-honour side of the question. Indeed, the play is unexportable save to English-thinking countries, since no utter foreigner would accept it except on such a basis. The author might have taken us to roaring farce, with a comic solicitor and black bag; tragedy was open to him, and also a sentimental conclusion involving the death from no known disease or from stage-accident of the husband and the union of the semi-guiltless lovers.

Mr. Jones adopts none of these. With remarkable skill, he contrives a motionless second Act, entirely interesting by reason of the exhibition of vivid, slightly exaggerated studies of the character of the friends of the family who are trying to hush up the scandal. It was so interesting that the house sat through an accident in the wings that produced a volume of smoke which might have alarmed a bored audience; the incident, indeed, was greatly to the credit of the much-abused first-nighters, as well as of the players, who, too, ignored what under other circumstances might have caused a panic. The third (and last) Act found the play almost where it was at the end of the first, the material new fact being that the husband had heard of the breakfast incident and of the universal gossip concerning it. What would he do? became the question. He halted between law and love, between a petition for a divorce and his passion for his wife. He wavered between belief in the credible and the apparently incredible. He had no Tertullian *quia incredibile* belief in Lady V., yet the evidence was not quite conclusive. So, in the end, he listened behind a curtain when Joseph and Lady V. were alone together, and discovered that they were guiltless. This device for a *dénouement* is, perhaps, the weak spot in the play, but it is far beyond me to suggest anything

stronger. Such a scheme as that employed in "La Princesse de Bagdad" would not suit the scheme of so frivolous—agreeably frivolous—a comedy.

There are many good parts in the work. The one lay-figure seems to be Sir Joseph; perhaps the fact that Mr. Cyril Maude is somewhat out of the lines in which he has earned his great reputation has something to do with this, for, despite his skill, one felt that he was not really the lady-killer, but a too sincere, straightforward fellow to be a professional philanderer. The servants, as presented by Mrs. Calvert and Mr. Volpé, were irresistibly funny. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, reminding one of the Marie Magnier of some years ago, was triumphantly successful as Lady V. A brilliant little character-study was given by Mr. Sam Sothorn, and a clever piece of work by Mr. Kenneth Douglas; whilst Miss Beatrice Ferrar and Miss Winifred Arthur-Jones acted ably. Mr. Waring—the husband—though his performance was skilful, did not contrive to give really specific character to the part. Still, the performance as a whole was excellent of this thoroughly amusing piece that possesses much of the curious charm of a Capus comedy with none of its nastiness.

There was even more laughter at Mr. Marshall's play, "The Duke of Killicrankie," than at "Joseph Entangled," though the latter seems to me far the more amusing, and its claims as a work of art are much higher. For "Joseph Entangled" introduces us to a set of human beings somewhat caricatured, whilst the Criterion piece hardly bears a greater resemblance to life than did the famous old Criterion farces. In fact, "The Duke of Killicrankie" is a kind of colossal charade stuffed full of jokes, most of which won laughter. The "B. P." does not look a stage-joke in the mouth when once it has begun to laugh. Start it with a few clever lines, and then there will be laughter at all jokes, good or bad, or even at the appearance of a joke, although, to be just, I must record the fact that the house murmured at the *nth*-exhumed jest about the "Encyclopædia." Some of the jokes are subtle and very clever, and most of them are as detachable as the arias of ancient opera. It now remains for the author to treat his work as musical-comedy books are treated, and, having tried his jokes on the public, to go through a process of revision and excision; after this, the play will form a capital light entertainment. The pity is that, looking back at the author's early works, one feels that he might have introduced into his story of the abduction of Lady Henrietta by the Duke some flavour of fantasy and romance; yet, despite a touch of sentimentality brought in towards the close, the official term "farcical romance" is misleading, for there is no romance, but farce with a sugary conclusion.

Popularity may be predicted. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is quite at his best in the full-length figure of the impecunious bouncer, half amorous of the wealthy widow; it is just like many parts he has played, "only more so," to use the illegitimate compendious phrase. The laughter was almost incessant during his scenes with Miss Marie Illington, who represented very cleverly the widow of a rich "Glue King"—glue, of course, to lead up to jokes about sticking, &c. That the humours were obvious and superficial did not tend to diminish the laughter; "laughter without labour" is the motto of our playgoers. The "sparring" duets between Lady Henrietta and Mrs. Mulholland were exceedingly funny and very ingenious; still, one had to put great confidence in the programme to believe that Lady Henrietta belonged to the class of which the phrase *noblesse oblige* is, or was once, considered the hall-mark. This, of course, is said without prejudice to the charm of person that renders Miss Eva Moore irresistible. Her peculiar gifts seemed a little wasted till the third Act. The author had given her a kind of chromo-lithograph of the coquettish English girls daintily painted for her by Mr. Esmond, and, as a result, her work, except in the moments of tenderness, had an unaccustomed roughness; this entirely disappeared when the lady was tamed, and then she became absolutely charming.

Mr. Graham Brown's part as the Duke of Killicrankie is very difficult, for he has to bestow a manly air on unmanly conduct. That at times he showed a little lack of decision and of authority is not surprising; notwithstanding this, his acting was excellent, and he gave a pleasant flavour of humour as well as frank fun to his work. On these four the play depends, and they are a well-chosen quartet whose work as a team is already very good and will become even better during the run of the clever, diverting piece, which had an enthusiastic reception.





MISS MARIE GEORGE AS BLOSSOM IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY," AT DRURY LANE.

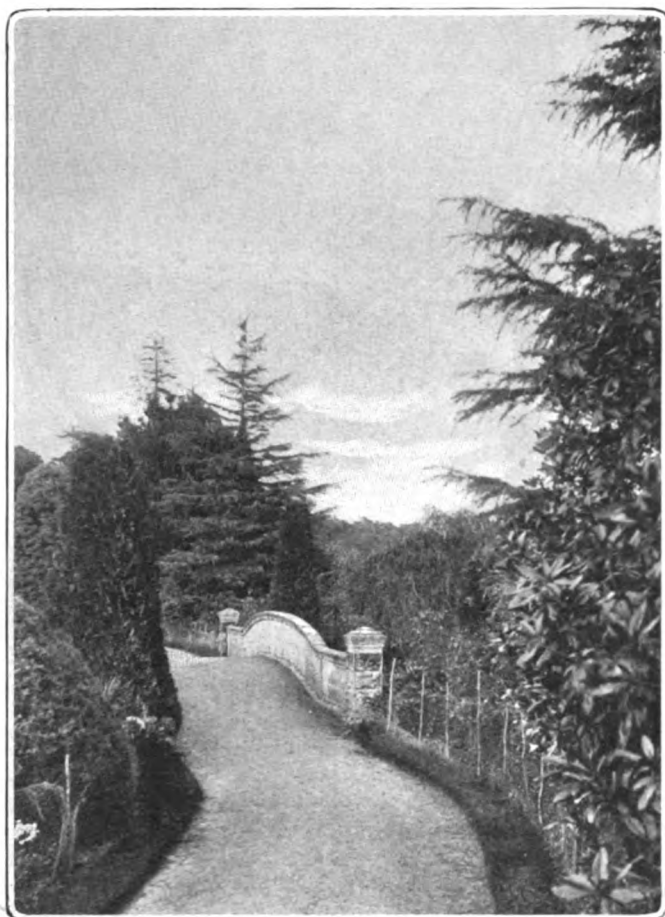
*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*



## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

## XXXVI—SHEFFIELD PARK, THE SUSSEX HOME OF LORD SHEFFIELD.

SHEFFIELD PARK, the country seat of Lord Sheffield, is situated in one of the most lovely spots in beautiful Sussex, about midway between East Grinstead and Lewes, and close to the quaint little village of Fletching. The estate ranks amongst the oldest in the kingdom, for it is on record that it was at one time the property of



ONE OF THE ORNAMENTAL BRIDGES SPANNING THE LAKES.

*Photograph by A. Langridge.*

Godwin, Earl of Kent, being, later, given by William the Conqueror to his own half-brother, the Earl of Cornwall. During the last thousand years, Sheffield Park has, naturally, changed hands many times and has been the home of various distinguished families; indeed, one of the most curious features of the present mansion was a frieze running round the house in which were carved the Arms of its owners from and even before the days of the Conqueror. This frieze, however, becoming insecure, was removed some little while ago. The mansion, as it stands, is a fine example of Gothic architecture, for since the time of the first Lord Sheffield it has been greatly enlarged and beautified, and now forms one of the most splendid residences in the kingdom.

Sheffield Park is closely associated with the author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," for John Holroyd, the first Lord Sheffield, was his intimate friend, and the rooms in which Gibbon spent some of the happiest and busiest hours of his stormy life have been left much as they were in his day, while a fine portrait of the historian, painted by Reynolds for his own and his sitter's mutual friend, is one of the present Earl's most valued possessions.

No man of letters ever had a kinder friend and more munificent patron than had Gibbon, for Lord Sheffield watched over him during his last year of life with incessant care, and gave the historian's friends as hearty a welcome as if they were his own. When Gibbon died in London, from the effects of a surgical operation, Lord Sheffield had his remains removed to Sussex, and in the family mausoleum of Fletching Church they rest to this day, under a characteristic inscription written by the famous Dr. Parr. After the completion of "The Decline and Fall," Gibbon wrote a memoir of his life, which was published by the first Lord Sheffield subsequent to the historian's death.

The present Lord Sheffield was born in 1832, and succeeded his father, the second Earl, in 1876. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards embarked on a diplomatic career, serving as Attaché to the British Embassies at Constantinople and Copenhagen for some years. He then entered Parliament as Member for East Sussex, which Division he represented from 1857 to 1865. Since that time he has been better known as an ardent lover of cricket and a generous landlord than as a politician, and the splendid domain which surrounds the noble mansion

is, in itself, perhaps the best evidence of what he has done not only to improve his estate but to ameliorate the lot of his poorer neighbours.

The four lakes which form such picturesque features of the grounds owe their existence in part to Lord Sheffield, for two of them were made and the others enlarged and beautified under his own supervision. This scheme was initiated not merely to gratify a whim or hobby of the noble owner, but to provide employment for some scores of men who otherwise in winter-time would have found labour scarce and money scarcer. It is said that Lord Sheffield spent considerably over a hundred thousand pounds on the undertaking. The lakes extend from the cricket-ground to within a short distance of the house. The upper lake—known as the "Ten-foot Lake"—is fed from the lower lake by means of pumping-engines, the engine-room being so carefully concealed that the casual visitor would never even dream of its existence. At one end of the higher sheet of water is a beautiful water-fall, built up of enormous boulders of rock, between which are planted flowering shrubs. The second lake also has its water-fall, spanned by a handsome stone bridge. Here the waters descend into the third lake, and from thence run in a foaming cascade down a series of stone steps into the fourth lake.

The cricket-ground, which adjoins the lakes, is probably the most familiar spot to the general public, for it is one of the finest in the world, and here it has been Lord Sheffield's delight to entertain his friends and neighbours with the best of sport. Here also England's great exponents of the game have contended with varying success against the cricketers from far-away Australia, and many another first-class match has been played. In the old days, when Lord Sheffield was known as Viscount Pevensey, he delighted in the training of young cricketers, and then the old thatched shed known as "The Haunted House" was the receptacle of their paraphernalia. Now there are no less than three fine pavilions—one for Lord Sheffield and his friends, another sacred to the ladies, and a third which caters for the creature comforts of his Lordship's humbler guests.

Little can be said here of the pretty little village of Fletching, which owes so much to the generosity of Lord Sheffield and his ward and adopted daughter, Miss Attenborough, and her sister. It may, however, be mentioned that the beautiful old church is supposed to date back to 1046, and that some years ago it was restored by the present Lord Sheffield, who also provided it with a very fine organ. In his consideration for his old tenants and work-people, the noble owner of Sheffield Park sets an example well worth following, for they are looked after in their declining years and everything that can add to their comfort is ungrudgingly provided.

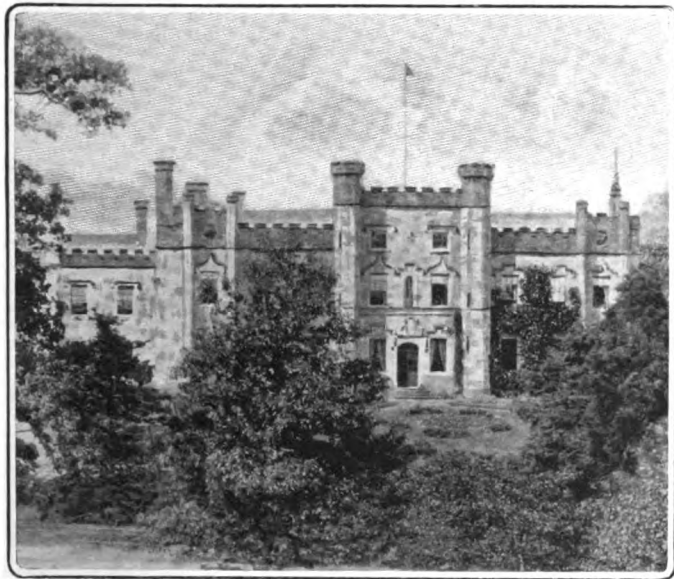


THE PINE-WALK IN SHEFFIELD FOREST.

*Photograph by A. Langridge.*



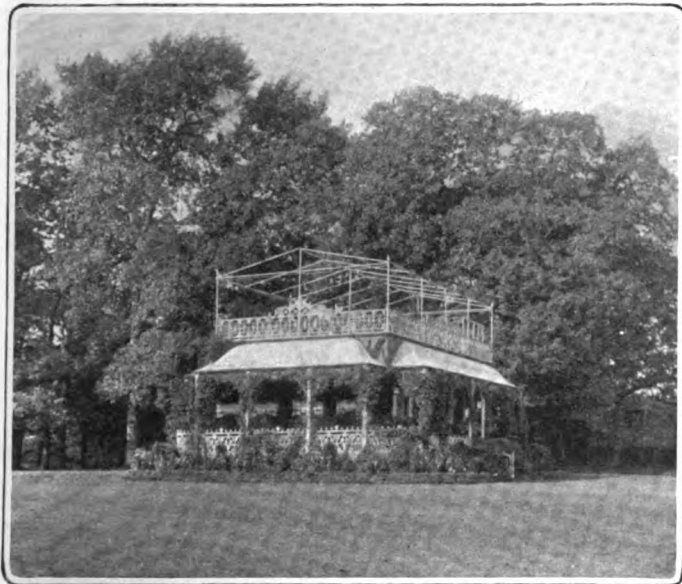
BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



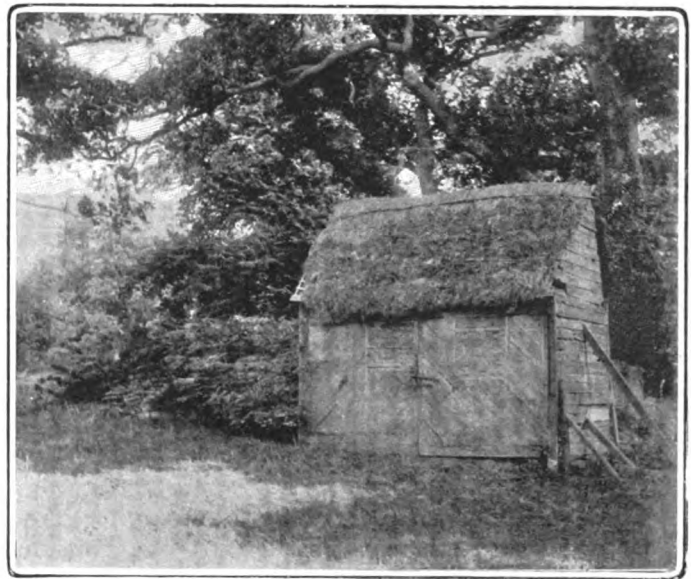
SHEFFIELD PARK: FRONT VIEW.



THE LAKES AND ORNAMENTAL BRIDGES.



PRIVATE CRICKET-GROUND AND ONE OF THE PAVILIONS.



THE "HAUNTED HOUSE," OR OLD PAVILION.



FLETCHING VILLAGE.



FLETCHING CHURCH. THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE SHEFFIELD FAMILY IS ON THE RIGHT.

*Photographs by A. Langridge.*





ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
W. D. ALMOND.

## II.—THE CHOICE OF A CLUB.—(Continued.)

**M**Y DEAR BOY,—Last week my epistolary energies were devoted to the choosing on your behalf of a Club that should suit your modern tastes and yet carry with it that patent of respectability without which the most modern among us can hope to make but little headway in the world of to-day. And I really believe that with the Voyagers' and Ruff's you will not be badly equipped. You will get contrast, without which most of us would die of *ennui*, you will acquire a still more varied range of acquaintance, and you will in both cases be conventional.

But, though you will want to, and, indeed, must be conventional before the eyes of the public, there are moments, *mon fils*, when, if the doctrine of heredity be true, you will desire to be very much the contrary. You will sigh for—as all healthy-minded boys should sigh for—a touch of that Bohemianism of which you have so often heard. I do not refer to visits to stage doors nor to suppers at restaurants famous for their evil cooking and absurdly excessive charges. The visits you will pay and the suppers you will eat—*cela va sans dire*; but, as you will soon be bored with the former and will most certainly be ill after the latter, that phase of youthful existence will make but short appeal to you. No, when I write of Bohemianism, I would not make reference to that more vulgar species of youthful indiscretion through which all youths, I suppose, must pass. Frankly, I myself found it so dull that it bores me even to contemplate it. I have ever detested the rôle of "mug." I have made a fool of myself over and over again, but I have never given a diamond bracelet in exchange for a powdery kiss or paid half-a-guinea

for a slice of ham. The Bohemianism I refer to is that of Kean's, the Joint, and even the Aborigines'.

I think if I were you I should join both Kean's and the Joint. You will be welcome at both, and at both you will meet a society more varied than that of any other Club in London. The members will not all be in Debrett, or even in the homely Walford, but I warrant you that those who are not will make up for their lack of Arms by amusement of conversation that will often send you to bed in the glare of the sun. Kean's, of course, you will only use at night, after a theatre or some other late entertainment.

You will not, I admit, be a constellation in Kean's firmament, and, if you take an old member's advice, you will not attempt to become one. I know no place in London where silence is more golden—to the poor conversationalist—than Kean's, for there is nothing that some of the wittier members love more than to pull the leg of the uninitiated. And they pull it so neatly at Kean's that it takes one some little time to become aware of the operation. I know, for I have undergone it at the skilful hands of Seymour Hicks, with Robert Marshall as attendant surgeon, and Comyns Carr superadvising both. Ever since that night I have been content to listen, fully cognisant of my own ineptitude. Nor would I, were I you, draw swords with friend Tree, who, with all his absent-mindedness of manner, is no mean antagonist in a duel of words, I warrant you.

The Joint is another Club that my soul loveth. Here, again, you have Bohemianism as it should be—clean, dress-clothes, Egyptian-cigarette Bohemianism, not slouch-hats and flannel shirts and shag. You all dine together at one table, your next-door neighbour a popular entertainer, your *vis-à-vis* a Field-Marshal bristling with Orders. Here, again, the wit is real and the nights are late and chaff is the order of the day. Here, too, you, my beloved son, had far better be a listener, though it is a rule of the Club that you may talk to any member you choose without the ceremony of an introduction. An inexorable rule, too, is that none but members shall frequent it, so here you are free from the caller and the importunate friend finds its gates as inaccessible as a convent's.



"FAMOUS FOR THEIR EVIL COOKING AND EXCESSIVE CHARGES."

Of the Aborigines' I find it more difficult to write. Personally, it amuses me. It shows a side of life that is so different from that to which one is ordinarily accustomed—the old-fashioned don't-care-a-bit-how-I-look Bohemia of which it is the last survival. You dine in the smoking-room, and can lounge at your pleasure at a bar that would do credit to many of those institutions upon which Mr. Arthur Chamberlain would lay ruthless hands, and the manners of its members are as free as their hospitality is great and their bonhomie proverbial. The qualification for membership of the Aborigines' including as it does literature, music, art, science, and the drama, you will, as you may well imagine, meet no end of amusing fellows, and you will find many of them real gold. They are men who have such a hatred of convention that in their dislike of it they have become the most conventional of all—in their unconventionality.

You need not join the Aborigines', and, as a matter of fact, you couldn't if you wanted to, for you haven't the slightest qualification, and, to their infinite credit, let it be put down that the Aborigines insist upon a proper qualification.

There are other so-called Bohemian Clubs, of course, but they don't count. There is the Judæa, for instance, but you wouldn't care for that; and the Gazers' might also come under the designation. So, I should think, might the Irresponsible, to judge by the free-heartedness of its members, and the Sailors' might not be ashamed of such a description. But to all or any of these there is no earthly need for you to belong. Into most of them you will probably be taken.

I am leaving to-morrow for Marienbad. Write to me there.  
YOUR INDULGENT FATHER.



"YOU WILL FIND  
MANY OF THEM  
REAL GOLD."



*Tennyson's Heroines.*

✧

*Drawn by H. Forestier.*



VII.—VIVIEN.

*"Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm  
Of woven paces and of waving hands,*

*And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,  
And lost to life and use and name and fame."*

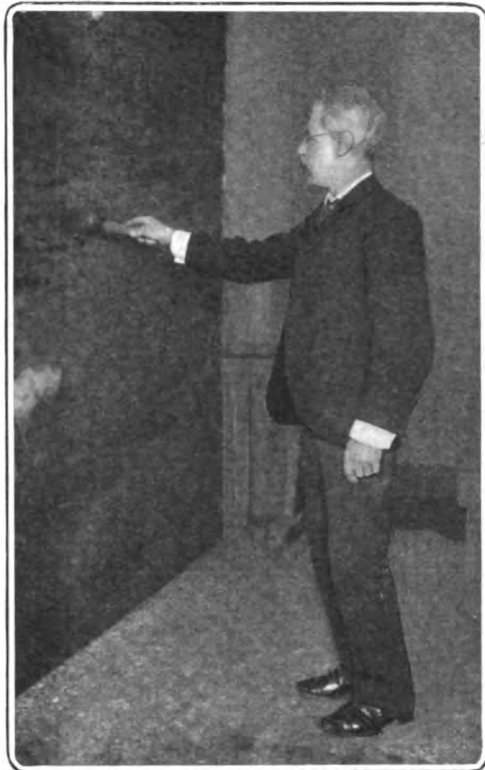
—"MERLIN AND VIVIEN."



## THE SCENIC ARTISTS OF LONDON:

## SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE CRAFT.

THE man whom the King delights to honour gets a ribbon or an Order, and is, by so much, permitted the privilege—the enviable privilege—of writing certain coveted letters after his name. The man who is honoured by the great public or by his comrades in his own particular work invariably receives the reward of merit in the



MR. WALTER HANN.

shape of an invitation to dinner. The sentiment imbuing this function converts it, for the time being, from the purpose of an ordinary meal—to satisfy hunger—and transforms it into a banquet of the gods, when roast saddle-of-mutton becomes ambrosia and the wine of France is by the magic of the occasion metamorphosed into nectar.

And, when all is said and done, there is no doubt but that the praise and appreciation of fellow-workers—the men who know the difficulties to be conquered, and can, therefore, the better appreciate them when they have been successfully overcome—are the highest and most stimulating rewards which can fall to the lot of those who

labour, be they artificers in words or in bronze or in the varied departments of science and art.

For the first time in the history of scenic art, the men who spend their lives in converting great masses of canvas into “things of beauty,” which, in obedience to the mutable laws governing things theatrical, do not follow, literally at all events, the rest of the poet’s line by being “joys for ever,” are to be thus honoured by their fellow-craftsmen of the immortal brush. They have been invited to a banquet on Sunday evening next, at which, under the Presidency of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., they will foregather with the leading artists of the day, and not a few of the managers and authors whose theatres and plays they have adorned with evidences of their skill.

If the poet’s pen turns the form of things unknown to shapes and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, the scene-painter makes that habitation vivid and, nowadays, something perilously near real for those who sit in the front of the theatre. One has only to recall the names of such men as Mr. William Telbin,



MR. W. B. SPONG.

Mr. Hawes Craven, Mr. Joseph Harker, Mr. Bruce Smith, Mr. Walter Hann, Mr. Henry Emden, Mr. W. B. Spong, Mr. W. T. Hemsley, and Messrs. T. E. Ryan, Stafford Hall, Robert Caney, R. C. McCleery, J. F. Davies, Potts, T. E. Banks, James Glover, Cecil Hicks, Harry Brooks, Ernest Howard, W. Harford, Richard Douglas, and Walter Johnston, among others, to remember scenes of splendour and to recollect exquisite pictures whose highest aim was to form an appropriate background before which human emotion might display itself.

Most of the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned, and a good many more, will, no doubt, be present on what cannot fail to be so interesting an occasion. It is well that they should be honoured as they are about to be, for, with the exception of an occasional spontaneous burst of applause from a delighted audience when the curtain discloses some scene of exceptional beauty, the public tributes paid to the scene-painter are few, and his recognition is largely merged into a consideration of the liberality of the manager in bestowing an elaborate setting on the play in hand.

Indeed, the scene-painter’s recognition is, to a great extent, like that of the actor, and, though his work produces its impression for the moment, it is, like the actor’s, apt to be wiped out with the next production, for the fate of scenery, however beautiful, is largely to be re-painted into something else when the necessity arises for the play to be changed. And yet

there are theatrical scenes which artists have raved over for their vitality and truth to Nature, no less than for the fantasy which has inspired them. It would, naturally, be invidious to mention names, but every reader of *The Sketch* will recall some scene which has impressed him in these respects in exactly the same way as a beautiful canvas on the walls of the Academy.

And, in connection with the scene-painter’s art, *The Sketch* may justly pride itself on being the first to give its meed of public recognition to the men whose work it has so frequently had the delightful occasion to praise. It was not long ago that *The Sketch* printed several

large portraits of the scene-painters, and from those portraits it has made a representative selection to illustrate these pages, with also an expression of regret that it is impossible to find room for the pictures of all those whom it would thus delight to honour.

In one important respect, the conditions of the scene-painter’s art have changed or are changing, for there are few men now connected only with one theatre, as, for instance, Mr. Hawes Craven was with the Lyceum under the management of Sir Henry Irving. The painters paint for all the managers, and it is from certain managers that they get a certain reputation as specialists, though a specialist is probably the last thing which any scenic artist would consider himself. Still, it is undoubtedly a fact that some men are, for the most part, called in for landscapes, as others are for architecture or fantastic work, while a few almost entirely devote themselves to interiors.

In some respects a hereditary tendency can be traced in the art, as in the other arts; Mr. Julian Hicks, for instance, being the son of a scene-painter whose work at Covent Garden delighted an older generation of playgoers, while Mr. Hemsley has a son who follows in his footsteps. And, while the great world of politics is occupying itself with the question of our foreign trade, it is worth noting that the scenery painted by English artists is in demand throughout the world, and it is exported not only to the Continent and to Australia, but even to America, where English plays still find no inconsiderable favour at the hands of the public.



MR. T. E. RYAN.



THE SCENIC ARTISTS OF LONDON:

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE CRAFT.



MR. JOSEPH HARKER.  
MR. W. T. HEMSLEY.

MR. HAWES CRAVEN.  
MR. BRUCE SMITH.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

**M**R. GELETT BURGESS, the Californian humourist, has become a landed proprietor on very easy terms. He has purchased for eight pounds a small, fantastic estate in Southern France, near the ruined and deserted city of Les Baux. It consists of a pine-covered hill surrounded by olive-orchards and fig-trees. It is said to contain numerous Roman sarcophagi, which Mr. Burgess intends to excavate this winter. Mr. Burgess paid a long visit to London some time ago, during which he contributed frequently to *The Sketch*. He is on intimate terms of friendship with the widow and step-children of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mr. Sidney Lee has been repeating Mr. Gosse's charge that England alone of all European nations had failed to recognise the true greatness of Herbert Spencer. One of the main arguments is that the London evening papers did not put Mr. Spencer's death on their contents-bills. As a matter of fact, they did, but the death of the great philosopher shared the bill with the later racing-news. Mr. Lee further complained that the Lord Mayor had not adequately replied to the messages which every civilised country had sent him on the occasion, and that no great man representative of the nation at large accompanied the remains of Herbert Spencer to the grave.

I agree with a writer in the *Manchester Guardian* that these charges are forced and overdone. In the first place, the readers of halfpenny evening newspapers are, as a rule, not much interested in the life or death of philosophers, and it said much for Spencer that he had a place on their bills at all. Spencer, it must be remembered, was purely a philosopher. He took no part in public life, and was not known as, for example, John Stuart Mill was known. In the second place, the funeral arrangements were carried out according to Spencer's wishes, and some distinguished persons were present. England has not many men who can truly be said to represent the nation, and the few had, no doubt, good reasons for being absent. The fact is, besides, that Herbert Spencer's fame had waned very much of late years, just as John Stuart Mill's reputation and influence have decayed steadily during two decades. A really great philosopher who is nothing more than a philosopher must be content with his influence on the highest minds of a nation, and cannot expect the popularity of those who speak directly to the masses.

Since Mr. Gissing's death there have been many complaints against the neglect with which he was treated by the world. It has been urged that, if his friends had done for him what they might have done, his life would have taken a very different hue and would have been prolonged for years. It is possible, I think, to exaggerate this side of the case. Mr. C. F. Keary, in the *Athenæum*, admits that Gissing did not begin as a master, and that what he understood best was a particular section of the lower middle class. To this it might have been added

that the strain of his earlier works was strongly pessimistic and that he was never in the true sense a writer of poetic imagination. As a matter of fact, Gissing's beginnings were very hard, in the sense that he received small sums for his first books. I question, however, whether his publishers made money by them. He had not gone very far when critics of standing recognised his power, and I have known editors take him up and do their utmost for him, by printing his stories and otherwise. They found that the public did not relish him, and

were obliged to desist. But for a fair number of years he had been well paid for his books. The amount he received for two or three of the later among them would surprise the reader, and there was quite a competition among publishers for any new novels he wrote. Unfortunately, he was not popular as a serial writer. The professional novelist looks to receive much of his remuneration from serials. It would have been dangerous to print one of Mr. Gissing's gloomy stories as a serial. As to the troubles of his private life, it may be said in the first place that there are friends who did their very utmost to help him in difficult circumstances, and, for the rest, they were troubles in which no man can do much for another. Even the little he can do must be done on solicitation. There were not many who would have ventured to rattle the skeletons of George Gissing's life.

Mr. William Canton's *History of the Bible Society*, just published by Mr. Murray, contains interesting glimpses of George Borrow. In Mr. Canton's view, Borrow served the Bible Society with eminent fidelity and zeal. His heart was in his work, and his book, "The Bible in Spain," has done more than any other to make known the works and claims of the Society. "A strange, impulsive, more or less inflammable creature, as he must have occasionally seemed to the Secretaries and Editorial Superintendent, he had proved himself a man of exceptional ability, energy, tact, prudence — above all, a man whose heart was in his work, and, whatever his foibles or his eccentricities, a mutual regard and attachment had sprung up between them."

Our good cousins are pleased with the application of a veteran anecdote to their veteran author, Edmund Clarence Stedman. Mr. Stedman, it seems, when on a visit to France, stopped one day on

a country road to admire the surrounding scenery. As he stood gazing meditatively over the fields, he noticed that several peasants who passed him on the road bowed and took off their hats to him. Mr. Stedman was at first surprised at their salutes in his honour, and wondered for whom those polite peasants mistook him. But, as they were repeated by peasant after peasant, he finally concluded that his reputation had penetrated further than he had ventured to suppose. As he moved away from the spot he happened to glance behind him. He had been standing in front of a statue of the Virgin.

Professor Dowden has completed his biography of Robert Browning, and will now take in hand a work on Goethe. o. o.







## A BROKEN IDOL.

By HAROLD OHLSON.

OF all the tales that are told of Lady Emily, some of which I, one of her slaves (and, incidentally, her brother), have written down, there is none that shows more plainly the greatness of her heart and the nobility of her character than that which tells of her kind forbearance and sacrifice of her own wishes when the poetic soul of her cousin, Sir Anthony Ashburton, was filled with the sorrow of a broken idol and a bitter awakening from a dream of love.

(I can only excuse the length of this sentence by the fact that it was dictated by Lady Emily herself; also, I am not wholly in accord with some of its statements. But she takes a large interest in these memoirs.)

It happened one afternoon late in the autumn. The roses in the garden were dead, and the leaves littered the soddened grass. Lady Emily was pressing her nose gently against the window-pane, and had sighed twice.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, looking up from the book I was manfully striving to read. (It was a new book; consequently a duty: "The Study of a Man's Soul," by a lady.)

"The matter!" cried my sister, pointing to the landscape. "The abomination of desolation!"

"I have written a poem—," began Anthony.

But she turned to him quickly. "Not to-day, Tony. I really couldn't bear it to-day."

But he was a man of resolution.

"It's—it's a kind of song," he said.

"There are many kinds of song," I remarked, a little sadly.

Anthony was already touching the keys of the piano.

"Will not even a cousin's prayer move you?" implored Emily.

No, he was not to be moved. He began to sing—

"Dreary, dreary the autumn day;  
Summer, summer has passed away.  
Dreary, dreary the cold, grey sky;  
On the damp ground the brown leaves lie.  
And I have come back from across the sea,  
To find that my love is false to me."

"Thank you!" broke in Emily, quickly.

"There is another verse," objected the poet—

"Sadly, sadly the wild winds moan;  
Here by the river I stand alone.  
Sadly, sadly the rushes bow;  
Life and colour are faded now.  
And I have come back from across the sea,  
To find that my love is not for me."

The accompaniment died away with a few sobs in the bass. Emily laid her hand on the poet's shoulder.

"Anthony," she said, "this is more than the weather."

"The weather!" scornfully exclaimed the sufferer (we, too, had suffered!), spinning round on the music-stool to face her.

My sister drew a chair close to him and sat down. I experienced a sense of something wanting in her appearance. It was, I decided, gold pince-nez.

"Tell me just how you feel," she said, in a low, gentle voice, calculated to soothe.

"Damnable!" exclaimed Anthony, jumping up and walking to the window.

"It's perfectly plain, of course," said Emily, rising (I seemed to hear the click of the pince-nez being closed); "and a bad case. But it is quite impossible for me to help you unless you give me details."

"No one can help," came in muffled tones from the window.

"Who is she, Tony?" I asked.

"I say, you two, you won't laugh?"

"Of course not," said Emily, frowning heavily at me.

"Well, then, I don't know."

My sister's manners in society are irreproachable; in the domestic circle they occasionally deteriorate. She whistled.

"But when did you see her—and fall in love with her?" she cried.

"Who said I was in love with her?"

"Why, anyone with any sense could see that!"

"Then I'm safe in the present company," retorted Anthony.

Then Lady Emily's manner changed. When she is determined to have her way, few things—certainly nothing masculine—can stop her. She slipped her arm through that of the angry lover, and said, softly—

"Tony, de-ar."

Tony collapsed. "There's not much to tell, really. I saw her walking along the road—"

"Tripping," corrected Emily.

"Oh, if you're going to make fun of me—"

"Never!" cried Emily.

"Impossible," said I.

"She's just the prettiest, most graceful—"

"Look through this," I suggested, holding out my book. "You'll find here all the adjectives ever invented, and some quite new ones."

"Be quiet, Johnnie," said Emily, sternly, scandalised at the mote in her brother's eye.

"I was walking from Kirby this morning, and overtook her. I never saw anyone walk like her, and her face—I just turned my head, you know—"

"We know," said Emily, encouragingly.

"Oh, it was just—just perfect!"

"How was she dressed?" asked my sister.

"In black, and a big black hat. Nothing grand, but very neat and dainty, you know."

I had joined the couple at the window, and we stood in silence, gazing at the landscape. The bare, gaunt branches of the trees were outlined on a dull-red sky, and from the setting sun a great black cloud stretched slowly across the heavens, as if a mighty hand were being thrust out over the earth, to fall suddenly and crush it in a giant's grip. The gloom and desolation were of death; the great black hand darkened the earth, seeming as if at any moment it might fall.

Emily suggested the gas. She said the view was not attractive. Anthony walked to the fire and stood looking down gloomily into it.

"Who's this?" suddenly remarked my sister. I observed a girl walking slowly up the drive.

"Rather late for a visitor," said I; adding, "She knows how to walk, by Jove!"

"Eh—what—walk!" exclaimed Anthony, joining us quickly. Then, as he caught sight of the solitary figure, he gripped my arm, and gasped—

"It's—it's—her!"

A poet and his grammar are soon parted.

"She's coming here!" he cried again.

"It doesn't seem quite nice," said Emily, gravely.

"But—!" gasped Anthony.

"Did you give her your address?" I asked, speaking coldly.

"I have never spoken to her."

"Oh, Tony!" cried Emily. "She must be awfully fond of you to come like this. But it's—it's rather reversing things."

"It is certainly not the usual course," I agreed. "It is, in fact, putting the heart before the course."

Tony maintained a dignified silence, and presently the girl passed out of sight round the house. An expectant hush fell on us. We waited for the announcement of a visitor.

"How could she?" burst out Anthony.

Lady Emily and I slowly shook our heads at the same moment.

Still there came no tap at the door; no visitor was announced. At last, suspense became unbearable, and Emily rang the bell.

"Has a lady called, Buffles?" she inquired, when the slave of the bell appeared.

"No, my Lady," said Buffles.

The mystery deepened.

"But we saw a lady coming up the drive!" I exclaimed.

"Oh!"—and here intelligence irradiated the face of Buffles, so that we scarcely knew it. "Just now, my Lord?"

"Yes, a few minutes ago," I answered.

"That was Polly Beccles, my Lord."

"Who?" cried Anthony.

"The new house-maid, sir. She came from London this morning, but has been visiting her aunt in the village, sir."

A chilling silence fell on us. The room had grown very dark. I turned to the window; the great black cloud covered the sky and rain was falling.

"Thank you, Buffles; that is all," I heard my sister say. "No, we won't have the lamps yet."

The door closed, and I knew that Buffles, having broken a poet's heart, had departed. Then came a voice from the fireplace—

"I suppose you're going to laugh at me—and tell everyone?"

For a moment my sister did not reply. Perhaps only I could tell the greatness of the sacrifice she was struggling to perform. Then she spoke—

"No, Tony. I'll—I'll never mention it again. Never!"

It is of such women that angels are made.

(So Lady Emily tells me.)





"STRANGE TIMES THAT WEEP WITH LAUGHING, NOT WITH WEEPING."

—SHAKSPERE.



*Percy F. S. Spence*

[DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.]

SWEET LADY : What do you do for a living, my poor man ?

SERIOUS DRAMATIST : Nothing, Madam. But I'm trying to write a musical comedy.



"THE WALKING CRAZE HAS EXTENDED TO LEADERS OF THE SMART SET."

—DAILY PAPER.



[DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.]

OUR ARTIST IS ABLE TO CORROBORATE THIS STATEMENT.



## MR. CATON WOODVILLE AS A HUMOROUS ARTIST.



SHE : I hear they are making the Army exams. much stiffer.

CAPTAIN GLORY : And a good job too. We've got quite enough duffers in the Service already.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## IN CONFIDENCE.

By HERBERT A. MORRAH.

WHEN Margaret Ridley and Eustace Conroy were first married, I thought them both the most fortunate beings in the world. He was the young hero of the story-books to look at, and she was fairer than a flower. It was a union of mature minds, and there was money on both sides; prospect, therefore, of more bliss and success in life than follows the popping of average champagne-corks. Friend Eustace was ambitious. This promised to keep him up to his work at the Bar. He had a future before him—uncles in high places, and so forth; in fact, the sun shone upon their joint path, and yet the clouds came.

As a friend of both families, I received the confidences of both from time to time.

"You are an old fogey, Cousin Arthur," Margaret would say. "I can tell you anything. In confidence, of course. Strictly between you and me."

Qualified or not for the diploma of Old Fogeyism, what man ever seriously objected to receive the confidences of a pretty woman?

As a matter of fact, I rather liked the idea. Whenever she wove the fabric of a hint, I always asked to see the embroidery.

Eustace, on the other hand, was a hundred degrees more nervous. It was seldom, "I want to know this or that," or "I want to tell you such-and-such a matter." He talked of himself in the third person and in the conditional mood—

"If a man were wilfully to rake up something in the past, when he could easily let it slip and live as though it had never happened, what would you call him?"

"A fool," said I.

Somehow, this failed to give pleasure.

"Of course, old man, I was putting a purely hypothetical case. This time your judgment strikes me as a trifle crude. No offence! You know I rate your opinions tremendously high, as a rule."

"Well," I vouched, looking straight at him, "they're honest, at any rate. Face to face with the fool himself, I should give the same answer."

Next day came Margaret. She looked tired, I thought.

"Oh, the slightest bit!" she admitted. "You know what a rush London is. I never did pretend to be robust. One would need to be of strong metal to stand it."

"No doubt, the ladies of the Iron Age had the best of it."

"Why, you exalt the dead above the living!"

"But I don't like to see you jaded," I remonstrated. "That air doesn't suit you. When I look back to your wedding-day—Let me see, how long ago was that? Three years this week."

"Fancy your remembering!"

"One always notes the critical times in the lives of one's friends."

"Critical?"

"The end of the third year is a very dangerous stage."

Margaret sighed.

"How about those confidences?" I inquired.

"Oh, Cousin Arthur, if I only had someone to lean on!"

"Your father—"

"Father!" She bit her lips and frowned. "Besides, father is really ill."

"I am sorry," said I, conventionally.

"Fiscalitis. A bad attack."

"That explains everything."

"Mother is worse."

"Well, after all," I ventured, lightly, "they do belong to the older generation. I'm of yours, you know, in spite of the grey hair. We're more on a level."

"It's a woman!" Margaret said, suddenly.

"Of course."

"Don't laugh!"

"But one must," I explained, gently. "At this stage one positively must. It is much too early for tears."

"Cousin Arthur, were you never in love?"

"That," said I, gravely, "is quite another story. Perhaps you shall hear it some day. In confidence, you know. Strictly between you and me."



"Oh," she said, flushing, "I was—I am—in love with Eustace! This trouble is not ten days old, but it seems a lifetime."

"The signs?" I inquired.

"I should never dream of prying, Cousin Arthur, but there are—letters."

"Yes?"

"Which he destroys unread."

"Hopeful!"

"Some day I feel sure he will open them."

"Your pessimism shocks me."

"He is different towards me, when he has received one."

"Do you tax him with it?"

"It would be degrading."

"Be careful," I said. "There are breakers ahead."

"And it's so easy to break a woman!"

"You shan't be broken," I promised, gallantly. "We'll see this through together."

Eustace was my next visitor. He dumped himself down in one of my arm-chairs. Soon he grew restless and began to pace the room.

"I've seen her again," he said.

"The devil you have!"

"I can't get her out of my head. It amounts to what those literary chaps call an obsession."

He was toying with a delicate piece of my cherished Satsuma.

"Put that down," I said, "and settle yourself to a talk. Have a weed and look forward twenty years."

That sobered him.

"I suppose one must admit," he remarked, "that there is a good deal of the beast left in most of us."

"Yet you've a rare wife in Margaret."

"I'm not brute enough to deny it. But that's just the point. She's a thousand times too good for me. I see the fact quite clearly."

"Speak on."

"A turn of the head did it."

"Your head must be easily turned."

"Don't I admit that? Hang it all, weakness is human!"

"So I learned from Dr. Kennedy's *Principia*."

"You don't help me out a bit."

"I was thinking of Margaret."

He coloured up.

"Well," he said, slowly, turning as suddenly ashen, "you'll have time to think more about her. I'm hard hit. It's the old infatuation stronger than ever. There can only be one end to it. And I want you to break it to Margaret."

I tried to reason with the man. But he tossed morality to the winds.

He begged me to stand between Margaret and a rough world. I warned him that I myself was not a stone, and he only smiled.

"The runaway game is played," I reminded him, "with a ball that rebounds."

But, though he took my meaning, he left me utterly perplexed.

"We are off to-morrow night. We catch the Dover boat, but we go Southward. You can make up your mind to that, unless you hear to the contrary."

The odd fish! But one can't reason with creatures out of their element.

I was glad there was time to sleep over it. In the morning, that I might be prepared for emergencies, I bought two tickets for Paris. Then I sat down and awaited events. The day wore on, but there was no sign that Eustace had changed his mind.

I returned from my afternoon saunter to find Margaret herself at my fireside. She rose to greet me.

"How goes our romance?" I asked.

"Don't, Cousin Arthur! I've done with romance."

"The scamp leaves town to-night."

She shuddered.

"And not alone."

"Oh, Cousin Arthur; stop him, stop him!"

"On the contrary, the best thing will be to let him go."

"You amaze me!"

"You might do worse than follow his example. Some injured wives would not hesitate."

She looked up bravely.

"If I bid you leave London with me, you must not hesitate."



How well she took it!

"It won't come to that, you know," I added. "But act as though it might. Pack a bag or so, and dine with me at seven o'clock."

"If I thought——"

"Thought is dangerous in a crisis," I rejoined, "and may be fatal to a game."

So far, so well. It was a heavy risk. At any moment during dinner I could have thrown discretion to the winds, but Margaret trusted me.

And here we were, without a hitch, at Charing Cross. Margaret was already ensconced in a snug compartment, and a friendly guard had locked her in.

It was now time to look for the runaways.

"You are quite safe if I leave you!" said I.

But she dared not trust herself to answer.

Her bag I had taken care to leave with a porter, so that for the moment I was quite unencumbered when, as I watched under the gloomy portico of the station, I saw, to my relief, the familiar face of the man I sought.

The woman was striking, bold a radiant devil. What a contrast to Margaret! I could have cursed Eustace to his face.

But suavity was the right note, and I easily assumed it.

Eustace, of course, frowned as I thrust my attentions upon him.

"Thought you'd like someone to see you off!"

"Very good of you," he said, mechanically.

"Look after your bags and things," I murmured, seizing the lady's dressing-case. My porter was at hand. I handed it to him while her attention was distracted. "Put that in the cloak-room and bring me the ticket," I instructed him. He vanished.

Then I took them both in hand. There was the usual flurry of departure all round us. I invented several new varieties of officiousness, which delayed them considerably. I insisted on registering the luggage for them. I got them to study the bookstall whilst I mismanaged that bit of business, after which, having secured the ticket for the dressing-bag from my porter, I felt equal to any emergency. I took Margaret's valise in my hand and faced them.

"There!" I said, triumphantly. "I think I have saved you some trouble!"

"Where's my dressing-bag?" she asked.

"Isn't this it?" I demanded, blankly.

She almost shrieked with dismay.

But Eustace was looking at the initials: Margaret's initials.

I took advantage of his bewilderment.

"The contents of my case are priceless," said my lady, her eyes glittering.

"That ass of a porter!" I cried.

"What's to be done?" she asked, looking at the clock.

"Hang on to this bag, Eustace, old chap," I said. "You've just time. A mistake—an exchange—these things often happen. Someone's got it among their baggage in the train, depend on it. Take this along and see if anyone claims it. I'll stay here."

I could see by the look in his eyes that his thoughts were straying to Margaret.

He took the bag and went off in the direction of the barrier.

I turned to her.

"It can never be replaced!" she cried, wringing her hands.

"What if I undertake to replace it?"

"Oh," she cried, "impossible! What shall I do?"

"The Lost Property Office?" I suggested.

"This place swarms with thieves."

"Shall we wire to Scotland Yard?"

We ran from bureau to bureau. Time was slipping away. I felt happier. She gained the ear of the station-master at last and began to harangue him. I said I would go and look for Eustace and return.

I found him.

He had reached the reserved carriage in due course. He had clamoured for it to be opened.

It now wanted a minute to the hour.

Margaret clung to him and would not let him go.

"Eustace, come with me! Come with me! You cannot have the heart——!"

I peeped in, hearing her pleading voice. How could he resist her? I resolved to strengthen her appeal, though it choked me to hear her. As the guard passed, I signalled to him to turn the key once more.

In another minute the train steamed out of the station, and I breathed freely. They were ill-equipped for their journey, but, luckily, as I reflected, the Elopement Angel has set up a big establishment in Paris.

I discovered the flaming lady without difficulty.

"Your bag is found!" I told her, joyfully. "There has been a little mistake. I have thwarted a deliberate theft."

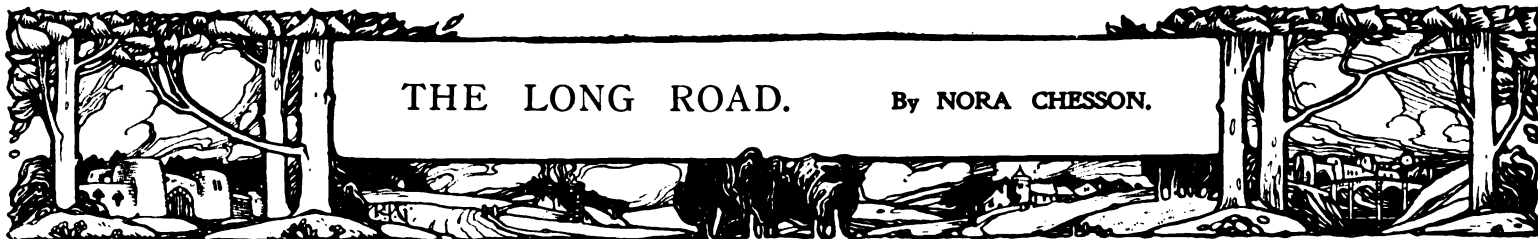
I handed her a little green case which contained three items.

It is no business of mine, of course, but I have reason to believe that, a few days later, she used those two tickets to Paris, in spite of the amazement with which she turned them over as I bowed and left her.

Since their return from that second and sweeter honeymoon, how often have Eustace and Margaret thanked me! Especially Margaret.

"It was a narrow shave," I am wont to reply. "The things that might have happened!"

"I must not hear about them, Cousin Arthur. No, not even in confidence."



The long road, ma bouchal, is the road that I must take.  
Long I've walked the home-paths and heard the noisy crake;  
Now my bird's the curlew, that with its druid call  
Lures my feet to follow in the safest way of all.

The long road, ma bouchal, is wearying for my feet;  
I'll pile no more the sea-weed, I'll glean no more the wheat.  
My wheel may whirr and whisper for other hands than mine,  
And other spinners handle the coarse thread and the fine.

The convent on my sister shut fast its jealous grate;  
The sea-waves took my father—their hunger would not wait.  
My birth no word of welcome from my pale mother found,  
But I could dig and spin and weave, and so the lads came round.

The long road, ma bouchal, is well to walk alone;  
'Tis ill to live and labour when your heart is like a stone—  
A grey stone in the highway that lovers spurn away  
May once have been a heart that beat, as mine did yesterday,  
Ere the voice of my drowned father came calling from the sea,  
"The long road, my colleen—the long road for ye!"





THE LAST WEEK OF THE HONEYMOON.

DRAWN BY R. SAUBER.





A SOUVENIR OF "IN DAHOMEY": MR. GEORGE WALKER, THE CLEVER COLOURED COMEDIAN.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



CERTAIN dramatists of to-day would seem, in some sense, to resemble the man and his wife in the old-fashioned weather-box—that is to say, when one comes out the other goes in, and *vice versa*. For example, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, after a fairly long silence, has come out at the Haymarket with "Joseph Entangled," while Mr. Pinero is about to disappear from the Duke of York's, where, as I hinted some time ago, "Letty" is to be replaced by Mr. Anthony Hope's "Captain Dieppe"; at the Criterion, Captain Robert Marshall, also long play-producingly silent, has succeeded Mr. H. V. Esmond; Mr. Comyns Carr, who has made no dramatic sign for a long while, will presently be represented at the New Theatre by his adaptation of M. Capus's drama, "La Châtelaine," for Sir Charles Wyndham; and, if all I hear be true at the moment of writing, there seems likely to be a change of dramatist at Drury Lane.

Two play-writers, both of a light-some kind, who seem to keep in demand are Captain Basil Hood and Mr. Seymour Hicks. Captain Hood, in addition to having had the run of his fairy-play, "Little Hans Andersen," extended *sine die* at the Adelphi, will produce his new comedy, "Love in a Cottage," at Terry's to-night (Wednesday), if no more postponements set in. Mr. Hicks, in addition to having two plays running almost next-door to each other—namely, "The Cherry Girl," at the Vaudeville, and "The Earl and the Girl," at the Adelphi—is already preparing to write (with Mr. Caryll again as composer) the next Christmas piece for the Adelphi. This is at present entitled "Mademoiselle Modiste."

With regard to "Letty," it cannot be said that that has had a long run. One hundred nights is not much for a Pinero play. The life of "Letty" has been about the same as that of the same brilliant author's "Iris," at the Garrick, and, like that play, I am afraid it was, in effect, hampered by its end. I am happy to tell you, however, that Mr. Pinero is already engaged upon a new play. As I stated long ago, he has promised a comedy to Messrs. Harrison and Maude for Haymarket use. He has also passed his word to write a play for Mr. Arthur Chudleigh in due course—that is to say, when Mr. Chudleigh gets another theatre of his own.

There has been a good deal of talk during the last few days as to Mr. Redford



MISS ETHEL NEGRETTI, PLAYING "THE SPIRIT OF MIRTH" IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY," AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

having refused to "pass" a play written by Mr. Arthur Shirley and entitled "The White Slaves of London," a matter which was really known some time ago. What does not seem to have been generally known is that the play was really performed. It was given for a little while at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

Mr. George Alexander, who will have started his new season with a revival of "Old Heidelberg" by the time these lines appear in print, intends, I understand, to start actively rehearsing the new play which I mentioned in *The Sketch* so long ago. This is "Love's Carnival," an adaptation of the German play "Rosenmontag" (otherwise "Shrove Tuesday"), written by Otto Erich Hartleben, and adapted by Rudolf Bleichmann. Like "Old Heidelberg," "Love's Carnival" shows that, if there is one thing that you must *not* do in Germany (and, of course, there are many), it is that you must not break the conventions of Caste—with a capital C. No, not even for love. Mr. Alexander has selected for himself the character of a well-born young officer who falls in love with a girl of a somewhat lower grade, and is made by his swagger fellow-officers to believe that she has, in his absence, become—well, anything but moral. In order to give colour to this cowardly plot, one of the swell officers carries the girl off and places her in a most compromising position. The poor, distracted lover breaks down both physically and mentally at the

news, and on his recovery agrees to marry a banker's daughter. But, eventually, on learning the truth of the plot, he meets the girl again, and they arrange to have a Shrove Tuesday revel, and then to commit suicide. I am hoping that Mr. Alexander will yet see his way to modify or to cancel the play's present unhappy ending.

M. Georges Duval, the eminent French playwright, is soon coming to London to consult with Mr. George Edwardes as to his (Duval's) funny play, "Le Coquin de Printemps," which Mr. Edwardes is to produce at the Apollo, with music by Mr. Ivan Caryll. The play's present English title is "The Spring Chicken."

"Behind the Foot lights," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, is now in the press. The book is a pot-pourri of first-nights, with peeps into dressing-rooms, &c.; it contains some hints how to get on to the stage as a novice, and gives the experiences of some of the leading lights of the profession.



MR. FARREN SOUTAR AND MISS MARIE DAINTON AS MIC AND MAC IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON," AT THE STRAND.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



# KEY-NOTES

THE most important musical event of the week has undoubtedly been the opening of the Æolian Hall, built by the Orchestrelle Company (in New Bond Street) for vocal and instrumental recitals. London, there is no doubt about it, has been waiting for this kind of hall for many a long year, an ideal which took shape in the Bechstein Hall and which is also fulfilled in the concert-room

under consideration. Most fortunately, in these days artists are not content with surroundings which do not do justice to their ambitions, and the delicate shade of olive-green, combined with the dark brown of oak, set against the crimson of the silk curtains, makes an altogether admirable setting for any sort of refined musical interpretation. In a word, London seems simply to be returning upon the old eighteenth-century idea. Then the Concert-room was practically non-existent, and its place was taken by the drawing-room, which was furnished and appointed according to the most exquisite designs that lay within the purchase-power of money. The drawing-room has, in this ideal, practically dis-



MISS EDITH HELENA, THE WONDERFUL SOPRANO SINGING AT THE EMPIRE.

*Photograph by the Moore Theatre Studio, New Orleans.*

appeared; but these new and delicately designed halls rightly take its place, and the Æolian Hall assuredly advances at once into the front rank of these conceptions.

The Pianola, one observed, was an essential part of the inaugural Concert, and upon that instrument Mr. Max Schulz played two movements from the "Pathetic" Sonata of Beethoven. Of course, an interpretation of this kind is, from one point of view, entirely mechanical; but it must never be forgotten that there is another side to the question, whereby, even through the mechanism of the Pianola, a musical temperament can be realised. For the rest, Miss E. Parkina, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, and Mr. Johannes Wolff were extremely efficient in their introduction of this new hall to the musical public, Miss Parkina singing Tosti's "Mattinata," a melody of singular beauty, with great distinction. It is not quite easy to criticise the work of Mr. Schulz; but one may say generally that, apart from manual accomplishment—which, of course, does not exist—he showed himself possessed of a musicianly temperament. The Æolian Hall belongs essentially to the modern things of art, and its future depends absolutely upon its modernity. The immediate fight brings victory to the inventor of the immediate means of conquest, and such means are undoubtedly in the possession of the Orchestrelle Company.

Mdlle. Sandra Droucker and Mr. Percy Such opened last Monday's Popular Concert with a performance of Rachmaninoff's Sonata in G Minor (Op. 19) for Pianoforte and Violoncello. As a critic has put the matter, Mr. Such is an artist of great accomplishment, not only so far as his preparation is concerned, but also so far as his desire runs towards the accomplishment of the musical feeling of modern times. The great performance of the evening, however, was that of Mendelssohn's Octet in E-flat Major for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos; it was played by the Kruse Quartet and the Grimson Quartet in combination. The work demands so extensive an enlistment on the part of various instruments that one hears it rarely enough; but this Octet shows the Master at almost his very best—a best which necessitates the taking of very great pains indeed on the part of interpreters, and of steadily working out an ideal to its ultimate possibility. Mdlle. Droucker played the solo-pianoforte part in Glazounow's "Theme and Variations in F-sharp Minor" (Op. 72). The work is not, however, one of very great artistic importance.

Messrs. George Bell and Son continue to issue their series of "Miniature Lives" of Musicians, and the latest addition to that series is the Biography of Mendelssohn, for which Mr. Vernon Blackburn has made himself responsible. Mendelssohn's life was so even in its success, and progressed with so steady a movement towards every avenue of triumph, that there is naturally little to chronicle about him save an universal lack of failure. It is, indeed, extraordinary to compare the cool and quiet judgment of the present generation in regard to Mendelssohn with the exuberant enthusiasm of the generation which mourned his death as a ruined nation might have mourned its last great King.

Mrs. Louis V. Diehl gave a lecture on Wagner (although she herself was not responsible for the reading of the paper) at St. Gabriel's Hall, Cricklewood, last week, and she illustrated her various points by vocal examples. Mrs. Diehl naturally had nothing very much of a novel kind to tell us; but, in a perfectly orthodox way, she divided her subject into such periods and separate chapters as came under distinct changes of character. The lecture was lucid, and it embodied practically that which every well-informed person knows upon the subject of Richard Wagner. Mrs. Diehl's intention, of course, was, however, to impart such information as this to the ordinary amateur who has not time or opportunity to read up such a chapter in history as this very extensively. Mr. Louis Van Lier also sang with a certain success on this occasion.

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Edith Helena, an American vocalist who made her first appearance in Europe at the Empire Theatre in Leicester Square, brings with her the reputation of being able to produce, with ease, F-sharp *altissimo*, which is "the highest note that a woman has ever sung." She has gone through her musical education entirely in America, where she studied under Mr. de Bassini in New York. She has also, one is informed, indulged in "indefatigable exercise" in the open air "when living in Texas." One of Miss Helena's performances is the imitation of the violin. She appears on the stage with this instrument, and she goes through the motions of playing (say) the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana," the audience hearing "what sounds like a violin of fine tone well played." In reality the strings are mute. The music is made entirely by the vocal chords of the singer, "who keeps her lips nearly closed in order to heighten the illusion." Miss Helena also sings songs and ballads, with trills and cadenzas "an octave higher than the score calls for." In "The Last Rose of Summer," for example, she introduces a cadenza with a sustained F above the high C. To all which information one can only add Dominie Sampson's famous exclamation: "Prodigious!"

Miss Leah Davis is a young singer whose excellent soprano voice has attracted some attention in South Africa, where she is touring with an Australian Opera Company. It is worthy of note that the pleasure-seeking community is once more to the fore in the Transvaal. Although times are bad and there are complaints in plenty, the steady and increasing prosperity of South Africa has led to a demand

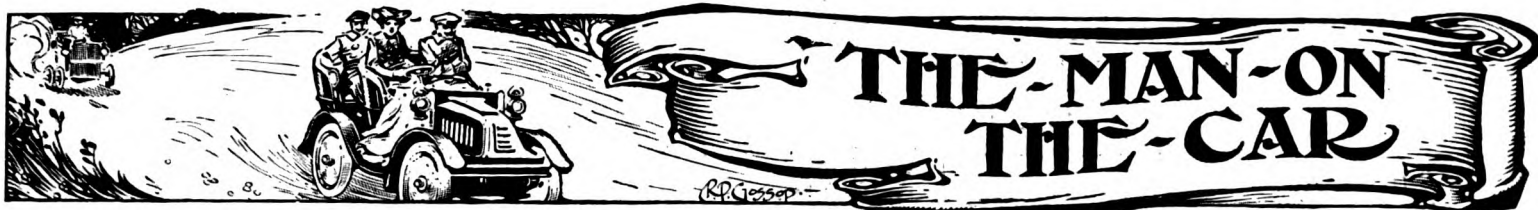
for Theatrical and Operatic Companies, and the best of these are playing to very good business all over the country which was so lately in military occupation. A Concert Company composed of first-class performers is leaving Southampton for South Africa on Saturday next, and all the signs of the times suggest a speedy return of prosperity to the country that has been for so long under a cloud.



MISS LEAH DAVIS, TOURING SOUTH AFRICA WITH AN AUSTRALIAN OPERA COMPANY.

*Photograph by W. W. Robertson, Natal.*





*Borough Councils and Speed—Fittings—Trials at the French Exhibition—An Awakening—Tyres.*

**B**OROUGH COUNCILS all over the country are showing something like indecent haste in attempting to take advantage of the power they presume they are afforded by the 1903 Act to impose the ten-mile-per-hour limit on motor-cars proceeding through any part of the territories they severally control. This inhibition they seek to impose without any relevance to the width of roads or the amount of traffic thereon, so that, if they should get their way, automobilists will find themselves enforced to drive along a forty-foot suburban road at a speed which will see them given the go-by by omnibuses, butcher's carts—indeed, almost any vehicle driven out of a walk on unfrequented roads. A tough fight lies before us all to resist this sort of tyranny, for, without doubt, the clause was inserted in the Act only to apply to very narrow, crowded sections and bad corners. I am glad to see that the Motor Union is very much alive to the perils besetting in this regard, and has resolved, either alone or through the affiliated local Automobile Clubs, to lodge objections with the Local Government Board in every case, in order that each application may be discussed upon its merits. I notice that to-morrow (Thursday) Earl Russell will read a paper before the Automobile Club on the legal aspects of the Motor-car Act, and, as his Lordship has made a most careful study of the whole subject, I expect to find the present position of the automobilist very clearly placed before the Club.

Although the general fittings of an automobile have been immensely improved during the past two years, there are several points to which, as yet, the makers appear to have given but slight attention. In the majority of modern cars the petrol-tank will be found placed beneath the front-seat, and in order to replenish or examine the quantity of petrol in this vessel it is at all times necessary to disturb both occupants and remove the cushion or cushions. In bad and muddy weather—or, indeed, at any time—this is a nuisance, and I really do not see why a rose-headed, gauze-protected, screw-capped filling-pipe could not be made to project from the tank through the side-panel, and so permit the tank to be filled from the side of the car without disturbing anyone when a halt is called at a Motor Dépôt for spirit. Again, trouble would frequently be avoided and time saved if a gauge were fitted to the tank, showing at the side of the car, similar to a water-gauge on a steam-boiler, and so marked that the amount of spirit still remaining in the tank could be read off at a glance. The mileage therein remaining would at once be known, and the motorist would know whether he had there spirit enough to see him home or whether he should pick some up on the road. There are many other little points, but to these I will recur at another time.

Much was expected by automobile experts on this side of the Channel from the trials of carburettors designed to employ ordinary paraffin instituted in connection with the late French Exhibition. If the statements made by one of the Testing Committee in a

French motor-paper can be credited, then I very much fear that the report of these trials is not worth the paper it is written on. The tests appear to have been carried out in the most perfunctory manner, and, so far as can be judged from the issued figures, the award seems to have been made to the device least deserving of it. That many of the French trials are conducted in a haphazard fashion is a matter of some notoriety, so that, in view of obtaining reliable data in many directions, it is a thousand-and-one pities that our own Club has not long since instituted and carried out careful trials of the various devices and parts of the modern motor-car.

It has been more than surprising to the majority of automobilists that our large gas- and steam-engine manufacturing firms should for

so long have refrained from participation in the automobile industry. It would have been thought that the evidences of France, where many of the leading engineering firms had taken to the commercial construction of self-propelled carriages, at considerable gain and profit to themselves, would have been an object-lesson of sufficient magnitude for observation. But no, the great English concerns who could have picked up the industry as the French firms picked it up have for years remained supine, allowing new Companies to be formed, special works to be built, even with French capital and under French direction, to say nothing of the appalling import volume of cars, the value of which has long since overtopped the million. Now, however, we discern something like an awakening, all tardy as it is. Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim and Messrs. Willans and Robinson are embarked, while an intimation reaches me that before these words are in type an announcement will be made that the largest gas-engine-making firm in this or

any other country will be putting motor-cars of their own construction on the market very shortly.

The eternal question of tyres is at the moment very much in evidence in the correspondence columns of one or more of the motor-papers, and those who peruse the letters may very conceivably be put right off pneumatic tyres, to their subsequent great discomfort. So long as your car is not too heavy and your tyres are of sufficient quality and transverse diameter, little or no trouble is to be feared. A friend of mine has been running a fourteen-hundredweight car shod with 30 by 3½ non-skidding Dunlops hard since last June, and has had no trouble whatsoever.

I note that the Locomobile Company of Great Britain has been purchased by an English syndicate, of which Messrs. Jarrott and Letts are directors. The magnificent garage and workshops at Sussex Place, South Kensington, will now be worked as a general garage and motor-store, as well as a sales department for two types of petrol-cars. Every part of the Locomobile cars will be stocked.

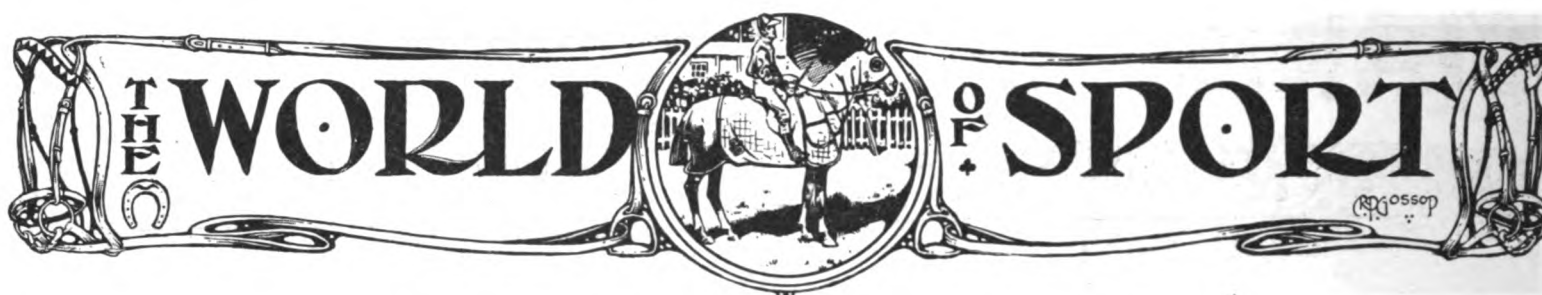


*[Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.]*

MR. ALEXANDER STEWART, OF THE GARRICK THEATRE, ON THE MOTOR USED IN THE CHATSWORTH PANTOMIME.

*His Majesty the King was greatly amused by the eccentric behaviour of the car.*





*Two-Year-Olds—Telegraphing—National Hunt Rules—Goodwood—The Weights.*

I AM glad to hear that some members of the Jockey Club are of the opinion that no races over half-a-mile for two-year-olds should be run before the Ascot Meeting. It is a patent fact that those two-year-olds that win races early in the spring are of little or no use in the autumn, and fifteen out of the last twenty winners of the Brocklesby Stakes have been of little use as three-year-olds. The French people are wiser in their generation, as they do not allow two-year-old racing until late in the season, and, as a consequence, there are more stout thoroughbreds and better long-distance performers in France than there are in England at the present time. If I had a really useful two-year-old colt that was heavily engaged, I would keep him specially for the classic races, on the off-chance of adding greatly to his future value at the stud. I am surprised that more owners do not nurse their two-year-olds with a view to winning the Two Thousand, the Derby, and St. Leger, especially in these days, when starting by gate is apt to ruffle the tempers of young, well-bred horses.

I have been told on good authority that it is possible to get the results of races run at some of the South Country meetings quicker from Sheffield and Manchester than from the General Post Office, London. This should not be, and I hope the authorities will do something quickly to remedy the defect. Say a meeting is held at Windsor, the wires conveying the intelligence to Manchester and Sheffield actually go into the "T. S." department in London, but I believe the wires with messages for London are so crowded with Press-messages that results are delayed, while, the wires going to the North being practically clear, it is possible to forward result-messages directly they have been coded in at the office on the course.

It will surprise many of the uninitiated to be told, despite the fact that seven out of ten of the races under National Hunt Rules fall to outsiders, quite seven out of ten of the layers who do business away from the post lose money at the winter game. This proves that somebody backs the majority of the winners, but this is done at starting-price. It is said that the National Hunt Committee are inquiring into some of the recent running, and I do hope, if they are satisfied that punishment is necessary, they will not hesitate to warn off evildoers, lock, stock, and barrel. It is a remarkable fact that those owners of high standing who bet freely under the Rules of Racing decline to have anything to do with the sport under National Hunt Rules, and the

reason should not be far to seek. Either the majority of steeplechase jockeys cannot ride well or they ride to orders, and it would be as well to find out where they get their orders from.

A friend who lives in the neighbourhood of Chichester very kindly informs me that the new stand on the Goodwood racecourse will be completed before August, and it will be used at the next meeting held on the ducal domain. His Grace the Duke of Richmond is personally superintending the details, and the improvements are likely to give the greatest satisfaction to racegoers. I think the present a very favourable time to once more beat up the big drum to the tune played in these columns for the past ten years, and I once more entreat his Grace to supply us with a first-rate military band for the Goodwood Meeting, also to give us seats on the lower lawn and a useful Number Board at the end of the lawn. It has been whispered that the scale of charges is to be revised, with a view to making visitors to the Grand Stand enclosure pay a higher entrance-fee. I hope nothing of the sort will be attempted, as the ride from the station to the course at Goodwood is a tax that nineteen out of twenty visitors have to bear, and this fact should be taken seriously into account by the Duke of Richmond.

The weights for the majority of the Spring Handicaps will be published on Thursday, and a week later the acceptances will be forthcoming. Until then, backers would do well to limit their speculations to playful little doubles. I am told that business with the Continental List men on futures has been very quiet this year. The fact of the matter is, backers have learned that the waiting policy is the best one. Owners with coups to bring off do not act until the eleventh hour, and early favourites have a nasty habit of getting badly beaten. It is expected that record fields will contest the Lincoln Handicap and the Grand National, and it may be that some well-seasoned sprinter of the Cossack class will win on the Carholme. He is a very fast horse that should be well suited by the very easy Carholme course. Wolfshall is another that backers have been on the look-out for. If this horse is thoroughly wound-up he should not want for backing. With regard to the Grand National, I do not see how the Handicapper is to weight the King's horse, Ambush II., out of the race, as this is one of the most useful 'chasers in training and we know he will give us his very best form over the Aintree course.—CAPTAIN COE.



Madame Fanny Moody.

[Photograph by F. P. D'Arcy, Grafton Street, Dublin.]

THE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF THE MOODY-MANNERS OPERA COMPANY AND DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

Madame Fanny Moody appeared in a new rôle the other day. She "kicked off" in the Moody-Manners v. Dublin University match. Trinity won by 7 to 1.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TWO big events that bid fair to launch the Parliamentary Season—socially speaking—with great *éclat* are the Waterloo Hospital Ball at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and the Great Ice Carnival at Hengler's on Feb. 4. The former event is dated for the very evening of the day Parliament opens, and Lady Derby, who



[Copyright.]

THE COMING SPRING FASHION.

is President of the function, has worked well and successfully to make it "go." Covent Garden will outvie itself, in fact, with all the gay garlands and rose-wreaths which were used during the Loubet visit, besides a supplementary attraction on the stage, which is to be arranged as a rose-garden and will form a background for a May-pole dance. From the numbers of people who have taken boxes and are bringing on large parties, the ball ought to be, socially and financially, an unequivocal success.

The Skating Fête at Hengler's is, of course, an affair of wide importance, seeing that it is for the benefit of the Union Jack Club, which is one of the greatest and most philanthropical projects of the age. As Sir Frederick Treves truly said at the inaugural meeting when the scheme of the Union Jack Club was disclosed, "it meets a positive and poignant want in Tommy Atkins's life. To provide it would be to attempt to repay to the British soldier that debt which his fine service to his country has imposed on all. It is little to ask. Only that he may have a respectable Club to go to when on leave or passing through London; a place where he may deposit his kit and valuables, where he may obtain a decent meal, where he may meet his friends, and where he may feel he is under the roof of a kindlier host than the tavern-keeper, and is really *at home*."

To help these words into actuality is therefore the object of the Ice Carnival, and everyone with a feeling of patriotism or gratitude will wish the project well. Both the Prince and Princess of Wales will be present at the evening fête, and all the arrangements are most perfect, thanks to the untiring efforts of Sir Edward Ward, Mr. James Tanqueray, and Miss Ethel McCaul, who first initiated the idea of the

Club. Tickets of admission to the evening fête can only be procured at the offices of the Union Jack Club, Pall Mall Deposit, Carlton Street, Regent Street, through vouchers issued by the Committee. M. Benoist has the supper affairs in hand, and tables for four, six, or eight persons can be secured for five, seven, or nine guineas respectively, which includes wine. There is no doubt that everybody who is anybody will be present. The applications for tickets have been unprecedented.

People are all flocking to see how Joseph entangles himself at the Haymarket, and certainly the frocks of his fascinators would explain a certain amount of backsliding on the part of any mere man. Miss Winifred Arthur-Jones's pale-mauve frock is one of most delightful detail, and the hat to match, with outlying attractions in the shape of lilac-sprays and pink roses, is a little masterpiece in millinery. Paquin accounts well for his prowess in Miss Beatrice Ferrar's white cloth gown, with touches at neck and sleeves of apple-green. Her white chip sailor-hat, wreathed with leaves and garnished with blush-roses, was quite dainty, while contrastingly bold was the vivid-scarlet gown and black-feathered beaver of the next Act. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is admirably exploited as to costumes. Her pale-blue cloth, with plain skirt and gathered bodice, is novel in the sleeves, which are split up to show loose under-sleeves of Valenciennes and muslin. The hat going with this *ensemble* is an ivory beaver toque, caught up with pink carnations and finished with a knot of pale blue.

Much more subtle is the next-Act gown of mushroom-coloured chiffon, which is flanked with a coat of velvet in the same colour betrimmed with narrow bands of ermine. These touches of white



[Copyright.]

AN INDOOR-GOWN OF THE NEW SPRING HOPSACK.

and black given by the fur are astonishingly effective against the pale beaver-coloured gown and hat. Years ago, the great Worth made up a costume of similar tones for a then popular comedy actress who was the daughter of a small hotel-keeper in Jermyn Street. It



was one of her most successful "altogethers," and when, in a passion of gratitude, this good lady, who was also Hibernian, asked Worth how he had evolved it, the great man told her it was not an inspiration, but a recollection of her mother's excellent *foie-gras* that had suggested the combination of colour!

How droll it is, by the way, to think that actors and actresses are still mountebanks by law, and so disqualified to bow the ambitious knee before Royalty at Court! Soon, no doubt, the embargo will be removed, for it seems inconsistent to deny that privilege and yet receive "the" profession in familiar privacy. The embargo applies as well to those in retail trade, yet a large proportion of truly well-born hide their patronymics under lucrative shop-names, while the descendant of a hundred grocers or tailors takes his haughty and auriferous way to Buckingham Palace. 'Tis a mad world, my masters!

Although—or, perhaps, one should say because—being a go-ahead generation, we of to-day are very appreciative of the delightful and picturesque leisure that belonged to a former. Year by year as we advance and get farther away from old ideas—within, without, and around us—it tickles the intellectual vanity to throw backward glances on the old order and compare our manners, methods, and motors with a mouldy, moth-eaten past. On one solitary subject, however, we are ever ready to bow the knee and to confess with Owen Meredith that "old things are best," and that in immediate environment our forbears understood the art of living picturesquely in immeasurably greater degree, as witness their bedsteads of hand-painted Sheraton or finely carved Chippendale or gorgeously brocaded Louis days, their satin-wood wardrobes, Chelsea cream-jugs, dishes of Flemish *repoussé*, even to the very bricks of their houses chiselled in exquisite relief, as we see in old German towns to-day. Beyond doubt, these people of other times knew how to "live beautifully." The proof of it is borne in upon one strongly when visiting such rare and genuine collections as Messrs. Gill and Reigate have got together in Oxford Street. Here one finds antiques well authenticated and worthy of the name—spider-leg tables, inlaid music-stools, brass-mounted chimney-timepieces, Cromwellian striking-clocks, quaint sliding-panel fire-screens, vases of crested Lowestoft, Chinese ginger-jars of the old Hawthorn pattern, the comfortable "bèrgère" chair of long-before *grand-père* or *Grossmutter* days, together with hanging corner-cupboards, Hepplewhite pedestals, and the saints know what besides amongst a practically endless collection. An admirably written booklet, named "Art Treasures," published by Messrs. Gill and Reigate, will be found a firm friend to those who wish to furnish on really artistic lines. It can be had for a shilling on application, and will be found worth all the money.

Although it is not easy to realise it in these present days of fog and felonious weather, spring will soon be here, and its pale gleams of awakening sunshine will search out not alone the dinginess of our winter garments, but the weather-beaten aspect of our faces after a hard season of hunting in the shires or hiding in Metropolitan murkiness. Both conditions of being, the one pleasant, the other only perhaps so, are trying to the delicate feminine cuticle, and it

behoves young women who would put in a fresh and dainty appearance at the spring Courts to think in time of their complexions. Mrs. Pomeroy's face and throat treatment quickly removes all marks of wind and weather and gives that healthy bloom and fulness which have been the admired and desire of all times and temperaments.—SYBIL.

Miss Phyllis Canton is a young lady of whom the world will assuredly hear more as time goes on. She has a wonderful voice, which, unlike the usual child prodigy, she not only knows how to use, but how to use artistically. In fact, she never fails to create a sensation at any concert at which she appears, though,

MISS PHYLLIS CANTON, NOW PLAYING IN "THE CHERRY GIRL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

wisely, no attempt is made to tax her strength and so strain a voice which in its beauty of tone and charm of production holds out every prospect of a successful career. At present she is playing at the Vaudeville.



#### MISS SYBIL RUSKIN.

Miss Sybil Ruskin is well known in the provinces as the Ophelia to Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer's Hamlet. She studied in Dresden, and her first engagement was for Mildred in "A Fool's Paradise," on tour. Then Mr. J. T. Grein engaged her to play Helen, the blind girl, to



MISS SYBIL RUSKIN, A WELL-KNOWN SHAKSPERIAN ACTRESS.

Photograph by Thomson.

Miss Ruskin confesses to a decided partiality for the modern German and Scandinavian drama; she has played in Ibsen, Sudermann, and Hauptmann, and, being an accomplished linguist, has often acted both in French and German. Her latest experience of the latter was in Fulda's "Kaltwasser," at the Royalty Theatre, a few weeks ago.

The Committee managing the Official International Tennis Tournament at Cannes, which will be held this year on the courts of the Hôtel Métropole, have decided to postpone the meeting from the 18th of March until the 22nd and following days, owing to the difficulty several of the most prominent players would find in being present on the original date.

The Great Western Railway Company have just issued a beautifully printed and well-illustrated booklet entitled "The Cornish Riviera." In addition to its literary and artistic merits, this little work contains a good map, meteorological statistics, some interesting information about the Scilly Islands, and full particulars as to tours, fares, and motor-car services, while comprehensive time-tables are appended.

Yvette Guilbert, happily recovered from her long illness, has again been delighting frequenters of the Folies-Bergères in Paris. The great French chanteuse is to visit London next May, and it will interest *Sketch* readers to learn that Mr. John N. Raphael, our Paris Correspondent, is preparing an adaptation into English verse of her songs, which will appear side-by-side with the French version.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that from Monday next (Feb. 1) season tickets to and from Moorgate Street and Broad Street will also be available by Metropolitan Company's trains to and from Bishopsgate without extra charge, and that passengers holding ordinary or season tickets will be allowed to travel in Metropolitan trains between King's Cross and the City. Third-class season tickets are also to be issued from all Great Northern suburban stations and important reductions will be made in the ordinary fares.

#### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Forty-four (from Oct. 21, 1903, to Jan. 13, 1904) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 9.*

## THE FAR EAST.

DAY by day the peace prospects in the Far East appear to strengthen. "There will be no war, after all," said a large financier this week, and, when we asked for some justification of the faith that was in him, he added, "When people take such a long time to think about it, they never fight," a remark which has great truth in it. It is never wise to prophesy unless you know, but there is a general and every day increasing body of opinion that matters will be adjusted without the beginning of a war of which no man can see the end. The Czar's desire for peace was never doubted, and it has been long felt that Japan would do all that was possible before staking her existence on the arbitrament of the sword. The danger still is that Admiral Alexeieff, M. Pavloff, and the other leaders of the Russian War Party in the Far East may precipitate matters; that, in fact, one day, when we least expect it, cannon may go off of their own accord, and then matters will be out of the Czar's hands. The prevailing belief in the City now is that the Peace Party at St. Petersburg have so far got the upper hand as to make a precipitation of hostilities too dangerous for the officials in the East to risk.

## OUR ILLUSTRATION.

We give this week a view of a Chilian nitrate-ground and works, and we hope to follow this with other views of the process by which the raw material is dug, treated, and refined into the comparatively pure nitrate of soda used in agriculture. As our readers probably



GENERAL VIEW OF NITRATE-GROUND AND WORKS.

know, the nitrate deposits are found on the west side of the Andes, in the absolutely dry coast-districts of Northern Chili. The caliche, or raw material, is found in beds just below the surface, and is dug and carted to the works, where it is crushed and dissolved in huge tanks. The mother liquor is run off and evaporated, when the nitrate of soda crystallises out, and is dried, bagged, and sent to Europe to be used as the most wonderful fertiliser known to agriculturists. We are indebted to the kindness of the Tarapaca Waterworks for the view we reproduce this week and for those with which we hope to follow it and briefly illustrate the process of manufacture.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Once upon a time my sister had a peculiarly lazy dog, whose studiously sedate way of walking drew upon him the comment of a working-man: "'E's a 'sooner' dog, Miss, that's what 'e is.'" Explanation led to the announcement that a "sooner" dog was one who would sooner do anything than run. I fancy there are a good many of us who would sooner be anywhere than in the Stock Exchange about the present time, and, although there is an absurd amount of exaggeration in some of the stories circulating with regard to abject poverty amongst Members, I am afraid that in only too many cases the slackness of business is leaving its mark with unpleasant deepness upon the House. There are plenty who can re-echo a certain line in what the street-merchants have been calling "Rood Yard Kiplin's Berrick-room Ballads"—

"I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,"

and Nineteen Hundred and Four, so far, has been no kinder to us than its predecessor.

Not but what there is a certain amount of trade doing in some of the markets. Brokers are getting more orders in Home Railway stocks than they have lately been in the habit of doing, and the commission on such securities is fairly good, while the dealers in this market can generally reckon upon making a good "turn" if they are able to undo their bargain. Just now, when the dividends upon Home Railway stocks are giving the market a much-needed fillip, and people have begun to look round for cheap purchases, one may point to Barry Railway Deferred as somewhat neglected. The Ordinary stock received 9 per cent. for 1903, giving the Deferred 5 per cent., of which 2½ is now included in the current price of about 92. Allowing for this, the return on an investment works out to £5 11s. per cent., and, since the prospect for these Welsh Railways is hopeful enough to justify purchases of the stocks, there does seem a good prospect of Barry Deferred getting up at least to par, ex-dividend. Against the

consideration of yield must be set the difficulty of negotiating the stock, there being only a limited market; but then, again, the interest that the Cardiff and other West of England Exchanges take in the Company gives more breadth to the circle of possible supporters when the stock becomes cheap. It is a decided advantage to any security for it to have a quotation in one or more of the provincial Lists (By the way, here is a luncheon-table problem: "What important country Stock Exchange does not quote Consols in its Official List?"), and many of these sheets show us an excellent example in the way of printing their prices at actual dealing margins. Two at least of the provinces quote Chartered at a threepenny price, as a weekly paper pointed out the other day, but it has to be remembered that the market at such a price is much more restricted than it is in London. The broker with an order in five thousand Chartered can always get on with us in a couple of minutes, but in Glasgow, if I understand aright, there would, perhaps, be a market in not more than five hundred shares and the rest would have to be done in some other centre—probably London.

Much as one respects the *Daily Telegraph*, there are times when this splendidly edited daily nods over its articles. I have no idea who wrote the column last week that dealt with Reform of the Stock Exchange, but the author knew just too little of his subject and merely caused amusement where he should have been most convincing. Why is it, I wonder, that the outsiders who "write finance" for the papers are unable to steer clear of some pitfall or other that might so easily be avoided by the simple device of having their work overscanned by a Stock Exchange Member before it appears in print? Our friendly critic of the *Daily Telegraph* seemed to have got an impression into his sagacious head that it is not etiquette for a broker to sell or buy stock of a dealer who is offering or bidding in the market for the stock. Why, the idea is preposterous! He talks about a jobber making a ¼ price in Erie shares. What a fool any broker would be to deal so, unless there were exceptional circumstances to warrant his dealing at such a quotation! He says that jobbers who continued to make prices when the sentiment was all one way would soon qualify for the Bankruptcy (sic) Court or Colney Hatch. That little misprint adds a finishing touch of unconscious humour to the matter. Take the case of the Kaffir or Yankee Market, where it is quite common for "the sentiment" to be all one way at a time. Would a jobber refuse to continue making prices? Not likely, unless there were some dangerous panic or squeeze in prospect! If our monitor be correct, there must be a regular little army of us qualifying for that "Bankruptcy" Court or Colney Hatch.

City rumour says that the banks are holding almost three times as much deposit-money now as they were a year ago. A Stock Exchange hope may be forgiven that

such is indeed the case, because, at all events, some broad slice of the eight hundred millions sterling of which Lombard Street is said to be the present custodian on behalf of depositors is certain to find its way to Capel Court and Throgmorton Street. And the scarcity of stock in almost any investment market is an affair of common knowledge. You attempt to buy £5000 Anglo-American Telegraph "B" stock—a good 6½ per cent. investment—and see whether it is obtainable at the quoted price. If you do get it at the market quotation, the betting is that it will be weeks and weeks before delivery of the full amount of stock is made. Except where there are taps constantly running, it is exceedingly difficult to obtain a line of almost any good investment security; the dealers may, perhaps, offer to sell it, as a kind of semi-favour, but on the condition that you won't buy in the stock if it isn't delivered within the regulation ten days. When once the stream of money begins to flow in the direction of the Stock Exchange, there will be a whole series in all the markets of what may appear disproportionately sharp rises, as sure as Mr. Chamberlain's name is Joe. It is singular what a difference is made nowadays by the receipt of good or bad news. Cables proclaiming peace at once bring out buying-orders from most unsuspected quarters, and business wakes up, literally, in a morning. On the other hand, pessimistic messages seem to clutch trade by the throat, and bargains sink to nothing. Kaffirs, in my humble estimation, offer one of the finest fields in the House for speculative investment purchases, but the buyer must take up his shares and be prepared to wait even as long as another year before his market starts to come home. It is no scheme to wait? I heartily concur, when carrying-over is used as the medium for the speculation, since there are few things more wearing than to wait upon a market that mulcts you in differences with possibly painful frequency, and by this you will see that I quite face the likelihood of a further decline in Kaffirs before the real rise begins. But it does not pay to wait for prices to reach bed-rock.

Petitions to the Committee are proposed in all directions, and I don't see why Members should have the sole monopoly of such luxuries. In fact, I am half-inclined to arrange a petition to the Committee on behalf of the public. "Your petitioners do humbly pray" (1) that they may be allowed to have private telephone-wires from their own houses and offices to those of their brokers, at the expense, of course, of the Stock Exchange Managers; (2) that members have the right of moving their businesses as and when such removal be found necessary for joining in the hidden-treasure competitions; and (3) that the Bovril Company be approached with a view to one of their advertisements undergoing transformation, and the legend to read, "Alas, my poor Jobber!"—the tearful bull being, of course, represented by the general public. This last (3) would furnish a magnificent all-round advertisement for the Stock Exchange. Besides saving individual advertisements (inside the House and out of it), it would appeal not only to people's sordid, money-making feelings, but also to their better bumps of benevolence and bounty. Of course, there ought to be two little bottles, one a Jobber and the other a Broker. Such a petition, I am convinced, would be signed, for sheer pity's sake, by at least half-a-dozen tired readers of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.



## SCARCITY IN HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

Dividends on the principal Home Railway stocks having, so far, "panned out" much better than had been expected, the market has developed a strength as pleasant to holders as it is out of the ordinary. Had not the Russo-Japanese crisis hung over our Railway stocks for so long a time, there can be little doubt that public attention would have turned more earnestly to this department some weeks back; but, even though the political situation be still unsettled, the public are coming into Home Rails, and again investment demand makes its influence felt. How this influence is aided by the scarcity of floating supply may be seen by the smart way in which prices respond to a comparatively small amount of buying. It needs but the purchase of comparatively few thousands of North-Western stock to put the price up half a point or more, and the Railway Companies are sensibly withholding their hands in the matter of selling their own stock on the market. Such a practice, common as it is, does more harm than is generally supposed, as we recently ventured to point out in these pages. Better by far a public issue and have the thing done with than a constant peddling of stock in smaller amounts to a Company's brokers who come to it when the jobbers in the market want some more. We all know that several of the chief railways must have fresh money before long; but this consideration has done nothing to stop the present rise, and, if the public are hungry enough to absorb what small amounts of stock there are in the Stock Exchange at the present time, subsequent offers of capital have their way paved to a success that must be highly gratifying to everyone concerned.

## NITRATE SHARES.

At this season of the year the anticipation of dividends generally has the effect of moving prices of Nitrate shares in an upward direction. Although this tendency remains to be developed for 1904, owing to the dulness of things all round the Stock Exchange, the view may be expressed that the present is a very bad time to sell anything connected with the Nitrate industry. Several of the principal Companies declare their dividends in February and March, and well-informed opinion says that the likelihood of these distributions being slightly increased is distinctly favourable. Among the nitrates more or less popular with the speculative investor, Salar del Carmen take high rank, while Lautaros are, of course, one of the best-known shares. In both cases market opinion leans to the belief that the coming dividends should show an advance upon those of last year. More uncertain is the outlook for the Lagunas Syndicate and the Lagunas Company

shares. These two undertakings have coquetted for so long that it is difficult to believe they may be at last united in an amalgamation scheme. This, however, is on the carpet, and, although the result of the negotiations has to be announced, there seems to be every prospect of the union being consummated. In this case, perhaps, the March dividends might have to be postponed, since money would be wanted for the purchase of the fields now dividing the two properties; but, even so, a return to greater prosperity in the future could be anticipated.

Saturday, Jan. 23, 1904.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

PACETUA.—The prospectus has been returned to you. We like nothing about it, and if you put money in you deserve to lose it. Lady's Pictorial Pref. shares, or British Westinghouse Pref., or Van den Bergh's Pref. should suit you.

H. A. R.—The name and address you require were sent you on the 22nd inst.

INSCIOUS.—We imagine your friend has treated the dividends received as income, and spent them. In this event, he must treat his invested capital as the measure of loss, less present market-price of the shares. In your own case, there is little doubt the certificate is properly issued to you, and that the Trust Company, under its contract of purchase, had to satisfy the old shareholders' claims.

SULTAN.—See answer to "Pacetua," or, if you will be satisfied with 4½ per cent., we suggest National Safe Deposit or Metropolitan Industrial Dwellings. The broker's name has been sent to you.

PREMIUM.—We think the shares a fair investment. The last dividend was 12 per cent. for the year. The broker's name has been sent.

T. H. D.—Your purchases are all good, and you are pretty sure to make a profit if you hold them. Try Rand Mines if you want to buy more. How long you may have to wait depends on many things, especially politics.

ANXIOUS.—We do not like the shares, and the market conditions are such that they may go lower, but, if you can hold as long as you say, we advise you to chance it.

TELEGRAPH.—We consider the shares of both Companies very good second-class investments, as good as you will get to pay over 6 per cent.

FINANCIAL JOURNALISM.—In celebration of the twentieth year of its existence, our contemporary the *Financial News* devoted its most sumptuous issue of Saturday last to a sort of apotheosis of Mr. Harry Marks, appropriately heralded by an eloquent poem from the author of "The Epic of Hades."

**CURE**  
your  
**COUGH**  
— WITH —  
**POWELL'S BALSAM**  
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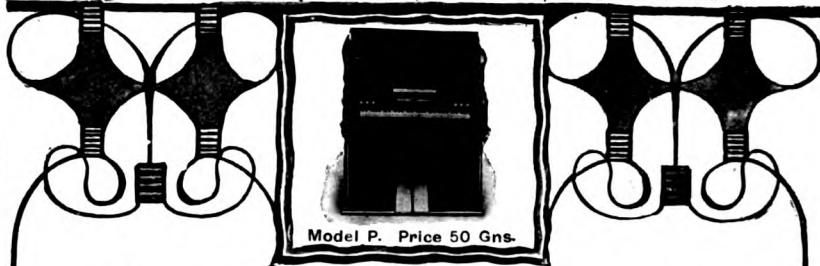
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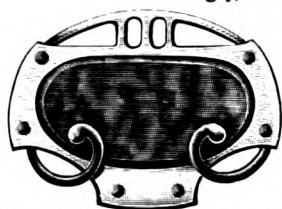
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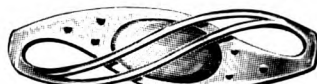
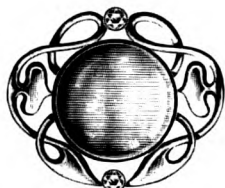
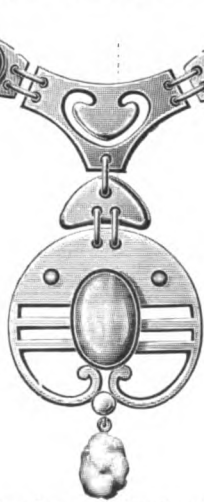
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MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE AS SIR PETER AND LADY TEAZLE  
IN THE HAYMARKET REVIVAL OF "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" (1900).

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MISS WINIFRED EMERY (MRS. CYRIL MAUDE).



AS ROSA IN "THE BLACK TULIP" (1899).

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